

THE WRECKER'S PRIZE.

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WRECKER'S PRIZE.

BY HENRY J. THOMAS,
AUTHOR OF "LAUGHING EYES," "THE WRONG MAN," ETC.

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WRECKER'S PRIZE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHIPWRECK.

A piteous, fearful sight—
A noble vessel, laboring with the storm,
Hath struck upon the rocks beneath our walls,
And by the quivering gleams of livid blue
Her deck is crowded with despairing souls,
And in the hollow pauses of the storm
We heard their piercing cries.—Maturin's Bertram.

One Sunday, in the month of March, the wind, which had been blowing pretty strongly from the north-west during the day, toward nightfall increased in violence, and roared in fitful gusts, driving a dark rack of clouds across a star-lit sky with inconceivable rapidity. About nine o'clock, the sound of a cannon, fired at short but regular intervals as a signal of distress, came from seaward, and attracted general attention among the inhabitants of the few scattered dwellings lying back along the sandy tract between the farm-land and the sea, who hastened down to the beach from all directions. A few large drops of rain fell from a passing cloud, as they hurried on; and the roar of the ground swell broke upon the ear with unusual force, as soon as they cleared the limits of the hamlet.

A large fire had been lighted on the beach, under the lee of an upturned jolly-boat, as a beacon of hope to the crew of the vessel in distress; it served as a guide to the muster place upon the beach. In a few minutes, there was gathered a crowd of pilots, preventive men, beachmen, and other 'long shore folk. The crew of one of the finest yawls on the station were busily employed in hauling their boat through the heavy sand of the beach to the water's edge. A flash of fire burst from the gloom of the sea, but the report of the gun was lost in the roar of the surf, which broke in tumbling masses on the level shore, and told of the powerful violence of the wave.

"What is she, Pete?" inquired an old ship-master, who had come from church across the cove.

"Hard to say," replied the questioned man, who, with a ship's glass, had been reconnoitreing the vessel in distress.

"Is it the Bremen craft—the bark that was working to wind'ard this arternoon? She may have put back, fearing a sneezer, and in trying to run into the roads, have struck the tail of the rocks."

"Hard to say," again responded Pete, who, sitting on the bow of the capsized jolly-boat, kept his glass pointing seaward, waiting for the flash of the next gun.

"There was a Scotch smack coming round the pint at

nightfall," advanced a pilot's apprentice.

"She's square-rigged," said Pete, poking his glass at the stranded craft.

"I seed two 'mophrerdite brigs and a taupsel schooner a working up outside, jest as I left my craft at sundown, afore this here squall was brewed," said the Captain of a small coaster lying at anchor off the jetty.

"Mayhap it's a collier in ballast?" suggested the ship-

master.

"" Hard to say," responded Pete.

"It doesn't matter the vally of a stale chaw of backer what she is, bo!" exclaimed a huge, ferocious-looking wrecker, advancing toward the fire, and pitching down an armful of fuel collected from the neighboring huts. "It doesn't matter what she is—in an hour she'll be bursted up, and lie in bits all along the shore. Her timbers can't hold agin this heavy sea. She's hard and fast on the rocks; the tide is now half ebb. Nothing but a merrykill can save her from going to pieces afore the flood."

"I know'd God warn't a-going to let us starve," said an undersized anatomy of a man in a large hairy cap, which, coming down over his face, joined an enormously big pair of gray whiskers, and looked very much like an exceedingly bushy head of fox-colored hair. His small face seemed all eyes and mouth; a short black pipe projected from between his lips, and the reflected light of the burning tobacco illumined his thin and yellow face. He was clad in a pea-jacket of many patches; his nether extremities were cased in a pair of

leather breeches, which once formed part of the livery of a fashionable footman, and reverted to their present possessor as part of the proceeds of a forgotten wreck. The garment, originally intended to reach the knees of the wearer, extended half way down the skewer-like legs of the present owner, who rejoiced in the sobriquet of Skinny Jemmy, and was confessedly the most active wrecker on the coast. "I know'd God warn't a-going to let us starve, Tom," said he, kicking an unconsumed piece of drift-wood into the middle of the fire, which flared up with renewed energy. "When you was all a-croaking 'cause the fishery failed, and the foul weather kept the wisiters from coming to get pickled in the dog-days, and things was hard, and grub got short, you fell a-grumbling and a-blaspheming, all on you, in a wery ungrateful manner, and talked about seeing your families starve afore your eyes! I put my trust in Providence, and now who's right? Here's March hardly begun, and here's a bloody good wreck to begin with. The Lord never deserts them what puts their trust in him. I've been a wrecker, now, bo, man and boy, for better part of fifty year, and am perfectly satisfied of the truth of that ere blessed text of Scripture, 'The last fish on the griddle brings the first wreck on the beach."

During the extraordinary recital of Skinny Jemmy's experience, the flash of the gun from the wreck had been twice repeated, and the crew of the yawl stood watching for a lull or pause in the violence of the surf, to launch their boat, and proceed to the rescue of the jeopardised seamen. From twelve to fifteen of the finest specimens of humanity stood around and in the boat, awaiting the signal. A cheerful halloo was heard; a young sailor tripped lightly across the beach, and jerking one of the crew from his post, took his place, and excused his rudeness by observing:

"No, no, Jack; brother or no brother, it's my turn now. You've been out in my place three times already, because I've just got spliced. Fair's fair, old fellow, but double duty is too

much for any one. I'll go this time, anyhow."

A deep and heavy wave broke over the bows of the boat, and extended high upon the beach; a short lull followed this extra violence, the word "go!" was uttered, the beachmen strained their toil-strung sinews, and the huge craft floated

upon the yeasty waters. Springing rapidly into the boat, each man seized his oar; a few rapid strokes carried them from the beach, and the crowd were absolutely rejoicing that they were safely through the dangers of the surf, when a huge breaker raised the bows of the yawl into a perpendicular attitude, and the hight of the succeeding wave turned the boat completely over lengthwise. Three of the crew were unable to reach shore, although the distance was but a few yards. Among the lost hands was the young man who had insisted upon relieving his brother from an extra spell of duty in his place. His body was found, shortly afterward, frightfully disfigured —by the boat falling on him in its descent—and carried to the residence of his newly-made bride.

The rescued portion of the boat's crew congregated around the fire, after having hauled their capsized yawl beyond the reach of the waves. Not a syllable was said, but many an anxious look was silently exchanged in the fitful gleams of the fire light; and as each inquiring gaze rested on the wellknown lineaments of a comrade, the hand of gratulation was extended, and the severity of the pressure told of the joy at the salvation of a companion and a friend. The sea, as if satisfied with its prey, seemed suddenly to have quieted its violence; the wind, too, changed its roaring into a steady but comparatively noiseless blow; and the next discharge of the signal gun from the periled vessel came with unexpected force upon the ears of the group of beachmen who were surrounding the fire. The sound went to their hearts; without exchanging a word, the men who had just escaped a violent death hastened up the beach, and congregating round a yawl of still larger dimensions than the former, hauled it down into the surf, and, watching the fit opportunity, again quitted the shore upon their dangerous employ, amid the hearty cheers, of the bystanders, who gave forth their impulsive roarings with an energy that over-crowed the violence of the gale. The ship-master, the laconic Pete, and the young sailor's brother supplied the places of the drowned men.

"Well," said Skinny Jemmy, as he rubbed his skeleton paws together in the warmth of the flickering flame, "habit is stronger than mustard, but if I had seen my brother drownded, though I've never had one, still I couldn't have gone out to be one tin the next boot, on such a night as this here, as that ore Jack Browne has done, with Dick gone home dead to his three-day-old wife. That's the fourth Browne as I've seed drawn! I cut o' that there family. There was Jem Browne, as was drazz doverboard in the herring net, and Tom Browne, as was drazz doverboard in the Dutch brig's side and Gorleston pler, and Bill Browne, as was knocked overboard on a party of plea are by the jibing o' the boom o' the Lady o' the Lake, in I now here's Dick Browne spiritionted out o' the Paul Pry. For trothers drown i'd out of five ain't so bad as times go; and if Jack Browne gets any more o' the family luck out o' the Wile ' of Forbook, as he's now gone out in, there's a end to the Brownes."

The yeard slowly but steedily progressed out to seq. The small lantern with which the adventurous boatmen had provided but ansalves, alistened in the stern of the boat, and danced marrily over the wayes, sometimes buried in the trough of the San and again reared on high, as the boat sunk or root to the a time of the wayes. Again, the awful sound of the minute gun came dismally across the sea.

"Aye, aye; boom—boom—boom," said Skinny Jerany. "You'd best sive your trouble, and not shake your ship to plant. She'll part tinders soon enough, I warrent. Won for what's she had dwith? I say, Dadly Lippins, hadn't you not had had are rather body of your boy Sam? I seed him jump at artitle Part Phyjest afore she got turned over, and I ain't son him singer. Take a stick of lighted wood, old fallow, and walk down the boach. We picked up Dick Browne jest away off here. Your old woman 'ud like her boy popped into the nirth, instead of left aving him to the cols and lobst rs."

The old man thus address I had just emerged from the surresulting gloom; believing that Skinny Jemmy was endoworing to run a joke upon him, he raised his small gray eyes from the attraction of the fine's glore, and puckered his worker I lips into a smile. But the seriou mess of the surleader place that the truth of the wreeker's statement; the climate est a globe upon his filends, and him without he was children. The lighter drove the smile from his face as he meshad ally object Johnny's new ten, and place he at ming brank from the fire, to aid his search along the beach. The Captain of the coaster swore a commiserating oath, and, snatching another lighted stick, joined the father in his quest. The wind soon put out the flames of the torches, but the men continued their wanderings by the water's edge.

An ominous silence hovered over the fire-circling group. A whisper passed round that the bow-light of the yawl was no more visible, and the ferocious-looking we her grinned with delight as he noticed the cossition of the sound of the gains.

"There's room for another dozen o' beachmen," said Shinny Jemmy; "we've seed the last o' that boat bad. I know'd that Browne's family luck would drown the whole billing on 'em."

"And the barkey's gone to pieces, or she we'll hit have given up squibbing, if it was only to be the shere but has been where to find her. I say, Skinny, I'll bet you a bettle o' man that we've more bodies than bales o' goods."

The wrecker was interrupted in the delivery of his epinion by the sudden appearance of old Lippins, who reshed and in the group, with his long gray hair sperting in the fire night winds, and his eyes almost starting from his head. His vi int gestures attracted the general attention; he expel to a k. but an indistinct murmuring come forth which was lest in the rearings of the wind and the sa. He point it wast the surf, and seemed to implore some interfrence; they raind to the spot, and discovered his companion, the most red the coasting vessel, hallooing and gesticulating to an eligible and y visible in the white sheet of form. A have war ded. I a body upon the sandy beach; the succeeding by the luri over it with tremendous violence, and the fire of the obwhirled it buck into the depths of the sea. Again, at rain minutes' pause, the dark object was thrown up a the sh r ; quick as speech could phrase the idea, the land in it. their hands, and encouraged by the old men's chars, they formed a line, headed by Skinny Jen.my, who said the boly from the water ere the returning wave hal payer to ingulf its prey.

"Blast my old shoes," said the wrock r, as he can a half-drowned Newfoundland dog upon the ground, and I the boisterous laughter of the croad, "there min't need the traction ment to do a wirthous action, nohow. 'Specing to save a

feller-creter's life, I've been swindled by a jiggered how wow."

"Well, Jemmy, bo," sail the forecours-looking fellow, "he is well worth the wetting. If the wind arm't washed out of him, he can fitch you many a good prize from the deep water when there's no boat within hall. A beast as could swim from the rocks sitch a night as this, could pad lie over to Hallflex on a calm day, with a fair wind."

The distinct the half been pinting upon the sand, now rese, and crawled toward the fire. It was observed that a rope, this ned to the animal's neck, trailed along the ground and trailed so the animal's neck, trailed along the ground and trailed so ward, hiding its continuance in the watery depths. Jemmy exertly pulled the line ashore, expecting, doubtless, to find a prize at its extremity; but after harding several fathoms of ripe from the surfl a jugged end appeared. The dog had doubtless han forced overboard from the stranded ship, with a ripe fistened to his neck, in hopes of establishing a commutational in with the shore; but the violence of the sea had riven the strands, and the poor animal, with exceeding difficulty, since all the making the land.

A low rum ling noise up on the sand attracted attention; a here and cart, containing Captain Manby's apparatus for the riled of whicked vessels, arrived upon the banch, but the distance of the wrock from the shore prevented the operation of the gallant Captain's scheme, the efficacy of which, in fitting positions, has been found of the first importance. A coil of thin rope is spread upon the beach, attached to a hawser of considerable length and strongth; the other end of the rope is its one I to a cannon-ball, which is fired from a mortar, with sufficient force and elevation to pass over the ship in distress. The hands abound are then on deled to head in the hawser, and form a medium of intercourse with the land. Many a good ship has been gived from destruction, and many a valuable life has been preserved by this simple remedy.

A short arose from the watchers at the extremest edge of the timbling such a boat dashed past, beyond the influence of the brackers, its white sides pill tened in the fire light, and a faint clear from its crew was borne on the wings of the blast. Captain Manby, who had accompanied his apparatus to the beach, teld them that the craft was his life-boat, which had

been lying in the harbor's mouth for the purpose of requiring. Upon hearing the first signal of distress, he had issued his orders to the crew, and the noble-hearted old fellow liked his beaver and cheered them as they pass done their data reas errand of humanity.

The violence of the gide and the routings which now most sensibly abated. Several women, the wives and relatives of the wreckers, joined the group by the fire, and spake in marry tones, of the expected profits of the wreck.

The dog next attracted the brackmen's notice. Herefrom his concluse attitude by the fire, and build a his ractoward the sea, uttered a low and in his high him while, which gradually increased in force till it because a confirmable of the most dismal tone. Cajoleries, the as and his was note vainly tried to stop his hideous nelse. Subject the limit of the from his resting-place, he made toward the builder sort will a dashing rapidly into the waves, was seen struckly with a human form. A hull of longer duration than usual enable him to drag his burden within reach, but he refuel to got his hold till the body was deposited up in the sund by the side of the fire.

The rescued form was that of a years ran, eleberate exterior; flowing curbs of ravensblock hair, a small mass has and the deep olive complexion, tell of his famium block. The dog licked his hands and face with caser facts, say we man chafted his pulms, and Jensmy peared mean him spirit down his throat; but the decreyer had fact a labs subject to probably victim; the eyes rolled and the breat have have had a labely sounded in the throat, like the war flor cry of a law with a man, and the dropping of the jaw and a labely of the gar and a later fact the cry of a law with a surely told the presence of the frigit him.

The women, convinced of the faillity of their carriers quitted the senseless corpse; but the der, unclassed his loss, ne-thel closer to the form of his most r, and were help actions of the wreckers with a local and sisple as each agold chain crossed the breast of the drewed has a local property pin glistened in the fire high, and rives of the crossed the fire high. Such prizes were retained unnoticed by Skinny Jemmy; with most contained his he en leavered to concill to the degree and marking his

opportunity, he lifted up the head of the recumbent corpse, and endeavored to draw off the golden chain. But his greed-iness cost him dearly; the faithful dog flew at him with a savage fary which it was impossible to resist. The wrecker was tumbled over in the sand, and forced among the burning embers of the decaying fire. The bystanders laughed at the distress of their brother wrecker, but moved not a hand or a foot to his rescue, until one seized the dog by his throat, and tore him from his grasp; the almost sufficated Jemmy sneaked into the gloom of the surrounding darknes, and the dog returned to his unless watch by the side of his master's corpse.

An officer in the service for the prevention of smuggling, now passed the fire, and told them that the yawl had made the beach about a mile below the jetty; that the crew had informed him of the years is separation before they could reach bor, and of the total loss of her crew.

"And in good time, too, hals," said the big wreeker; "the ils lis now making, and every thing that is not swallowed by the sand must be a shore before daylight. If the elb had left upon our coast,"

"Won ler what she's laded with," again muttered Skinny Jemmy, as he raked together the smoldering remnants of the fire. "She must be a foreigner, by the look of that ere feller what's been washed ashore—eass his dor, say I. Not but what Scotch smacks is good things, if there's plenty of passengers, and the largage is not stowed away in the hold. But them colliers I bominates. Coals is not eatables nor waluables, and it takes a long time to get a sackful by picking 'emus piecemeal among the sand. Trunks and boxes are convenient, but carpet bars is a bad invention. Bob, do you rem made them ere round-topped lepther boxes what was worked a long the Rasian? Diln't they relialong the short ninely? There ought to be a obligation on all travelers to have sitch things, it saves trouble so."

"Get up," said Bob, as Jemmy termed the ferocious-looking wroker. "Get up," said he, kicking a weather-beaten woman from her seat by the fire. "Light your lantern, Moll, and let us mizzle down the beach—every body else has gone up."

And the wrecker and his companion, journeying the opposite way to Skinny Jemmy, quitted the fire.

Searcely had the suspicion of the destruction of the vessal been confirmed by the preventive officer, are the main looly of the wreckers dispersed themselves along the shore, in a ger anticipation of gleaning a glorious harvest from the matters of wreck east up by the roaring seas. A long line of allitering lights gemmed the shore on either hand, far as the eye could reach. The glad shouts of the successful groups, and the imprecations of the disappointed, came freely on the car, and mingled strangely with the moanings of the dying storm.

The old beachman, whose son had been lost in the upsting of the yawl, remained by the fire-side, sobbing pit oasly, and gazed with sympathetic eye upon the body of the naster of the dog, which began to exhibit some tokens of appreciating his loss, by whining over the immobile carcass at his side. A loud, exulting shout from Skinny Jemmy, told of his suscess. The old man raised his head, and dried his unavilling tears. The shout was repeated—old habits proved une acquerable—and he hastened to join his mates. Soon was heard the old man's voice, in high dispute, mixed with fregrent oaths and violent objurgations; he was daring another we her to the fight for disputing his right to the watch of a drowned sailor, whom he had hauled from the sea.

CHAPTER II.

THE FISHERMAN'S CABIN.

And foaming billows? Where the bursting waves, Threatening its rider with an ocean grave? Silence is all around us."

As Surly Bob and his unwomanly wife trudged along their solitary path, urged by that cunning which had prompted them to look for their prizes where the competitors were not someony, their lantern soon glimmered upon an edject of unexpected interest. They would sooner have beheld a bale of

goods, or a promising bit of lurgare, than that which now ar rested their steps; nevertheless, as long as a lingering spark of humanity remains in those who bear the form, they cannot remain utterly inclin rent to the lives of their fellow-creatures, and the two came to a fall stop over the scene—a young men, in the uniform of an English officer, sitting on the sands, pale, drenched and exhauted, holding in his arms, and hugging to Lis brast, for warmth, an infant.

"Hipm, good frinds," he murmured, as they stared at him; "what a mercy that I have estaped! I scarcely

thought to !"

"Aye, you may well say that," exclaimed the wrecker, taking his whisky-bottle from his pocket, "drink a sup of this, and in the law you, and warm you in side. There's not many'll come ashore with the breath of life in 'em."

The young man groanel, and east a desolate look toward

the sea.

"Take a lit of a sup; it'll help to warm ye till ye get to the fire."

- His t - h were chattering so that he could hardly put the but to his lips; he took a deep draught of the miserable SULF

"Thanks," he said: "but it is not I who need attention mest—it is the poor laby! Oh, you are a woman! take this por little creature, and do what you can for her, and you shall be well rewarded-well, with gold!" and he held out the sil n' chil i to the cour e being, who, even then, he itate i about being troubled with 'the brat.' "I'm afraid she's dead, she is so still."

"This it, Moll, and tramp home with it," ordered her hus-Land; "t'will pay better then keepin' me company, if the gradian das as he says. I'll keep an eye out for the traps, and you mind the child. You'd better go home with Moll,

sir, and dry years il, and so how your haby is."

"Oh, I camed bave the spet yet," exclusioned the stranger, the whitered from head to hed; "I'll take another drop from your il. k, my friend, and stay here until all hope is o'er. It would be something even to a cure her corper," he murmured, half to him. it.

"And is it the child's mother?" asked Moll, as she wrapped

her shawl closely about her little burden, and drew it to her bosom.

"Her poor mother," was the answer; "please hurry to some fire, won't you, my good woman? Every minute is precious!"

"That I will," said Moll, with heartiness; the very touch of the little cold, wet form against her heart began to thew its selfishness.

She had nearly half a mile to run, but the wind was at her back, and she held the baby close to her; she felt it begin to gasp and quiver in the effort to revive, before she reached her house, and when she unwrapped the shawl, and the light of the fire on the hearth fell upon its face, she saw that it was likely to live. A little spirits was put to warm in a tin cup, and Moll sat down on the hearth, and hegan to rub her little charge briskly with the stimulant, and to force a i w drags into its mouth. With authward haste she drew eff its wet clothes, wrapping it in a blanket, holding it where the fire could warm it through and through, rubbing it with her hard hand from head to foot, and giving it, occasionally, a drop of the wrecker's "cure-all." In less than half an hear, a natural warmth had returned to its body; it had be kell about it with large, bright eyes, and, in a few moments mere, it was slooping on her lap.

Moll was alone; her husban I and the stranger had not yet returned. No sooner was her solicitude for the safety of the child relieved, than, with that terrible covetousness entern I relieby her mode of life, she began to examine the little heap of wet clothing by her side. The articles were fine and costly, covered with rich embroilery; the sleeves of the little white frock were caught up with gold bracelets, and she had already

observed a tiny chain about the baby's neck.

"They're rich; I'll be well paid for my trouble, as he sail. Fathers don't stop at expense when people save their children's lives for 'em. I s'pose his wife's drown led, by what he sail. He'll be awful took down—and with this little thing on his hands, too."

As her thoughts came back to the infant on her knees, she regarded it with still deeper interest. Now that her haste was over, she had time to observe the rare beauty of the little crea-

ture, which looked as out of place in her lap as a flower thrown in the gutter. It was still folled in the blanket, but on think waxen arm and hand had been tossed restlessly out of cover; and the innocent free looked even the more beautiful for its recent baptism, the heat of the fire having brought a pink glow to the checks, and the tiny ringlets of hair being all curb I and darkened with the wet.

Result soft med until she did not know herself, as she gazed for My and admiringly at the helpless, exquisite darling lying in her brawny embrace. By and by she bent and kissed the dimpled hand—gently, so as not to disturb the sleeper—and, as she lifted her brown face, something like a tear glistened on the dimples.

At that mean at her hysband came in with the young English off, or, whose quick eye had noted the kist and the tear as he entered the door.

reducing thing. But ?" was the women's first question, here is size even thought whether or not there were tidings of the infant's mother.

"Get a bids of Manchester shirting," was the exulting reply.
"But don't from the front, Midl, and give this drown led stranger a chance at the fire."

In their wood book they could afford to be good-naturel. The couple did all in their power to make the thoroughly-child I and exhausted gue t constortable. A mattress was drazed to the hearth, and he bay down upon it, while Bob concerd a strong glass of whiskey, hot water and red pepter. His sailed military coat smoked in the corner, while a petile at of the mistress occupied its place about his shoulders. The gentleman shrunk inwardly from some of these attentions. In they were the lest which could be given under the circumstants and he was too worn out with his struggles, exposure and main all entit is, to be fastillous as to means. Warmth—

"Here is the child?" he asked, as he crept closer toward the

"Din't entirely, sir; it's sleepin' like an anr.1, and as well, this minute, as if it hadn't supel off the suit set."

There was a member tary silence. Moll likehed in her chair.

"And your wife, sir?" she queried, "hain't you found nothink of her corpus?"

"What!" asked the traveller, starting out of his half-doze.

"Is your wife drownded out-and-out, poor lady?"

- "She was not my wife," he replied, beginning to comprehend. "Alas! poor lady, indeed! She was a frien! of mine, a sweet and lovely woman, coming to America to join her husband. When the ship began to go to pieces, she put her child in my arms. I swore to save it, if possible. I trie! to save her, too, but some drifting pieces of the wreck struck her, and she went down by my side."
 - "Poor baby! poor baby! How old might she be, sir?"

"She's pretty nearly two years old, I think."

"Don't bother the gentleman with questions, now, Mell. He's night about gin out, don't you see. Lay that youngster on the bed, d'ye hear, and get me a bit o' supper. I'm like a shark, with the work I've done to-night. I could cut knives,"

"You're sharp enough without that," said his wife, with a bungling effort at a compliment—the heap of wet go is dragged inside had taken the quarrelsome quite out of both fir the present.

She made a soft spot, with a dirty feather pillow, and hill the infant down, while she put cold meat and broad, with a hot potato from the fire, before her husband. While he are, they conversed together in low and rapid tones, darting these sagacious glances, which habit had made second nature, at the two new occupants of the cabin, both of whom were now in the deep sleep of exhaustion.

It was not very long after the repast was ended that has band and wife were also sunk in slumber, the extra fatigue and exposure to the chilly wind having infected them, also, with drowsiness.

The sun was fully risen when the hungry cry of the little stranger aroused all the others from their repose. The ship-wrecked traveller sprung to his feet, looking about him with a bewil lered air. It was some seconds before he remember I the awful events of the previous evening; when the tile of recollection rushed over him, he was almost overwhelmed. His eyes turned sadly to the orphaned child, and the tears rese in them, as the forlorn little creature, frightened at the fact of

the strange, dark woman who held her, stretched out her arms to him, whom she recognized as a friend, crying, pitifully, one word—"Ma! ma!"

He took her, kissel and caressed her passionately, soothing her fear by every tender tone and look, while Moll prepared a breakfast of warm bread and milk for her. The child was really so hungry, having been unfed since early in the afternon of the previous day, that she returned to the strange woman willingly, when she saw the food.

The young officer watched her while she ate, feeling a sense of grief and responsibility new to his gay life. He had made the acquaintance of the child's mother on ship-board. Attracted by the beauty of the little one, and by the high-bred leveliness of the hely, who yet seemed thoughtful and solitary, he had off red such truly delicate and kind attentions as had won her gratitude, and before the voyage was over, her confidence. When she mentioned her family and circumstances, he found that he had fact her father, a Baronet, and a man of wealth and education, and that he had heard of this same daughter, now before him, who had contracted a claudestine marriage which had given deep offense to her parent, and caused some talk at the time.

The young wife, her beautiful face glowing with love and prile, sail that her husband had gone out to America, the year before, in the hopes of gaining a living, and, in time, a competency; and that he had written to her to join him, as he had now the assurance of an humble support for her and their dear child. She evidently loved and honored the man she had chosen, preferring him and poverty to her father's wealth and title, without him. She had spoken so prettily of the pleasure she knew the sweet little Ellen would give her father, who had not seen her since she was three months old, the good hearted young officer, impressible to beauty and tender of the seen had grown deeply interested in the unfolding remains, and had delighted in picturing the reunion of the little family.

He heaved a deep sigh as he thought of it now. That I writed woman, with her heart full of love, was lying in the depths of the saw; for that expectant her hand there was not thing but a terrible, sudden affliction; and the poor little girl!

—would it not have been better had she gene down in ner mother's arms? the only fitting shelter for a helpless infint. What was to be done?

He now most anxiously regretted that he had not the address of the child's father. But he did not have it. He only knew him as Mr. McCloud, and that he had been of a Second family; he was quite certain that he had not settled in New York, though he would probably come to the city to meet the ship's expected arrival. The young officer hoped, by inquiring at the hotels, and by an advertisement, to encounter him there, and to deliver his child into his keeping. But, in the meantime, how was such a dainty little creature to be cared for? He saw no other way than to leave her in charge of the woman until he could send the father to the research. As this thought occurred to him, he searched the hardened faces of the two hosts. The man's was sufficiently forbibling; but he was certain that, under all the harshness and coarseness of the wife's, there was the motherly instinct; she betrayed it now, in the gentle, soothing way in which she talked to the induct, as she fed her.

"We'd better be out arly arter that trunk, stranger," said Bob, as he yawned, arose, and shook himself like a slangly dog. It'll be pitched into by some of 'em chaps, of we don't tote it home directly. Moll, have some coffee for us 'ginst we get back."

The young officer put on his dried, but deficed cost, and joined the wrecker at the door.

"Feel purty stiff, friend?"

"Well, not as badly as I expected. Lying by your fire has limbered me wonderfully. I think, after I have exercised a little, I shall hardly be the worse for my peril of last-might. I shall not so soon recover from the mental shock of soing the pleasant companions of my voyage term from me by such a fate."

"What's one man's meat's another man's poison," soil his companion, carelessly; if ther warn't no wrecks ther we have be no prizes, for such as we, you know."

The young man shuldered. ('ould it be jossible that the brutal dwellers along shore delighted in the ruin and missiy of a wreck, because some of the stranded treasures of the

ship were cast at their fet? Yea! and in such company must be have the innocent little girl whom her fond mother world not allow "the winds of heaven to visit too roughly." H - was perplexed beyond words, and his thoughtless heart for ence was filled with care for others. Hastening on to the she re, against which the sea now rolled as calmly as if it had ben guilty of no act of violence, they ran along the sands until they came to the rocks, far back in the fissures of one of which the two haddeposited, the night before, a trunk. It was I art of the baggage of Mrs. McCloud, which had been washed ashor, and which had been hauled in and claimed by Bob, but which the officer had insisted on as the property of the live girl, and which the wrecker had at last sullenly yielded up. He did this the more readily, as he had already secured a large bale of cloth, which he was unable to get home without as isterie, upon the stranger's promising to help him home with the cloth. In order to accomplish this, they were obliged to condithe trink among the rocks, as they could not carry inth, and they were too wet and weary to think of a second trip that night.

"The trunk is gone !" exclaimed the officer, in tones of disequalities at. For an instant his eyes searched sharply the

face of his companion.

"Yer me bu't back as if yer thought I mude way with it," or I B by an rily. "A bargain's a bargain, and I sticks to ming though I don't purtend to be a holy, pious kind of a chap."

"You musta't mind my looks," said the young man, paci-I ally, not wishing to off adding. "I d'A just for a moment, sasset you; but that's gone by. Who could have discovered

it, hill n away out of the best of the wreckers."

"That's no roln I can guess," answere I Bob, scratching his had. "Some of them chaps has it, no don't. If I find out which, I'll make him give it up to the little gal, if I have to that his win lpipe it r him. I'll keep a sharp book-out, stranger, and if I so sany of the purty things that belongs to the little I by, she shall have 'em back."

"I'm very sorry it's gone. The contents of that trunk we did have been of great value to the child's father, as relies,

and to the little girl, too."

"Belike there was dimonds and gold trickery, sich as ledies wear?" insinuated Bob, with a keen look.

"There may have been some ornaments, and there cortainly was clothes for the poor little child," said the officer,

evasively.

"Well, there shan't a wrecker's wife or child wear them trinkets while I'm about," said Bob, emphatically, and there being nothing more to be done in the matter, the two works a slowly back to their breakfast, the young Englishmack place a wistful look along the shore, in the faint lape that the carse of the ill-fated lady might have washed ashere during the night.

The sands were already dotted with eager groups, on the look-out for prizes, and who now begun to examine B 5's companion with curiosity, this being the first indimedian that any one had escaped from the ship alive. He was hall it dozens, and obliged to answer their questions. Amena etc. r things, he told them that the corpse which they had picked up, with the foreign air, was that of a young West In Han, of great wealth, who had been to England on a visit to relatives there, and was on his travels, by a round-about way, to his home in the Islands. The dog had been very ital of his master, and, at his bidding, had willingly taken to the belling surf, with the rope in his mouth, which, als! had been cut across some sharp rock, thus severing the faint hope of the despairing passengers. The men and women listened entriv to the replies to their questions, and when the wealth of the young Cuban was mentioned, they wandered off, up and down the shore, looking about them varuely, as if they expected by x of gold to be flung at their feet. So sick at heart that he alm st. for the moment, wished that his fate had been no better than that of his companions, the young man hurried away, as som as lecould escape from the crowd, assisted by Bob, back to the univ cabin, where coffee and griddle-cakes awaited them. Hung r erve a relish to the not over-nice viants; when this was ap-, cased, the traveller proceeded to business.

"I have to thank you most heartily for your haplically, my friends," said he, "and I have still two forces to crave. The first, and least important, is to find some means of care years to the city—the other, to find some one who will take

the best care of this precious little one, until I can find her father, if he is to be found."

"I can row you around, and across the bay, in my ister

lat, if you say so, stranger," sail Bob, glad of the job.

"I'll do the best with the baby I can," said Moll, sticking her dirty apron in the corner of her eye. "I've never had chi k of my own, and I love that un a'ready. I'll mind her as well as is in me, if you say so, sir."

"Privilled yer paid for't, ye mean, wife. You've your livin' to make, and if you stay home to mind a baby, 'stead of ist sing with me, you'll have to be paid for yer time."

"C ready," a belithe young man, quickly. "I told you you should have gold for your trouble. All my little language is look at I have my purse in my pocket, and I shall, pay beform he had be little girl's keeping, until I send some messoner, or o me far her. Only be as gentle as you can with the timil little thing, Mrs. Molly, and you'll never be sorry for it?"

Hnowing the power of gold, to move hearts as well as himls, he counted out a most liberal reward into the horny hand of the woman, which clutched over it so greefly, that again he filt regularly. The next moment Moll was harging her charge, and crying over her, and the young man felt on-

"I must be going, if you are really to take me. In bot, that halp has wound hars if about my folings in a strange man, r. I follow if I were leaving my own baby," and he half larghed to hide his tears, as he kissed the pet of the ship, ar in and again, before he could force himself to leave her.

"Call her Ellen; that was her mother's name," was his last in in all on, as he finally tore himself from the little creature, who had clung about his neels, as if considers that the last tie was him; severel which held her to the life and a ociations which is should have been hers.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIZE.

No pearl ever lay under Oman's green waters, More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.—Morne.

A FORTNIGHT passed before the inheditants of the colin had tidings of the stranger who had beft the orphan in their care. He brought his own news, which was depressing at least to himself. His carnest efforts had falled to discover the residence of the child's father, or to obtain any communication with him; his own business in America was finished, and he was to embark in the next ship which sailed for Livery.

"Little Ellen has friends in England who would well me her," he said; "if her father were not in this country, and probably not far away, I would myself underette the task of conveying her to her grandfather. But, as it is, park part had better leave her, for the present. I have written to warl is cities letters addressed to her father, and have adverted. I hope that some of these means will not fail of all applied him. In the meantime, the first thing I shall do, up a may arrival in England, will be to inform her grandfather afall the circumstances, when he will take steps to do justing to her. I know. All that troubles me now is, to provide a subday of for her till these things are accomplished. It would be a step to take her to New York, and heave her with some matrix, who—"

"Oh, leave her with her?" pleaded M. II, helling the child, as if afraid it would be taken from her. "I know Fin helling to care for the likes of her, but Eve learnt to love her so, singe she stayed with me—and it's love a baby hereby in the third fine things—isn't it, my beauty?" and she kind the child, who laughed, and nestled her shining carls artifact II his brawny shoulder, with an air of confidence and all it in

"I don't know that I could do but r," number i the young officer, doubtfully; "it will be but a 1 w number at the worst."

"Moll's daft about that young un," sail har has and, "and

a syntam she is, to be sure. I tell Moll she's a pearl in a ist releft. This calin don't at her gent quite proper, but the fimily'll have her all dressed off in gold some day. I never dill to it up with Pearl, as I call her."

"Well, I will not take your pearl away just yet, my good fit hals. She shall remain here, since you wish it, until you reside word what to do with her. Here are twenty pounds to pay for her present keeping, and, before that is gone, you

will hear from me."

So the young man promise I, and so he thought, but "Cir-

. Can stance, that unspiritual Gol," ordered oth rwice.

"I wouldn't care if you had more bables, if they all paid as well," said the course hearted 'long horeman, after the office had taken his lingering forewell of the lovely waif which the crieds a had stranded on this unfriendly shore. "You make me sick with your ki sing and fussing over it; but I show it will pay. If they hear you've been extra good to it, they'll make right over, and run money into your lap. I shouldn't we her if this little pump heby would turn out to be the press of prize we've ever head hashere. I was mad not to strang of them Culon sover it as; but if we hay quiet, and hat he our sky's, we'll have a pure to go to that'll hold out here, after all. Gratitud's a good pay-mater, they say."

" I'd like it it me ody ever came for the child, and we never

got another cent for her."

"Why, M II, what s in your head now?"

rich then shill be my own—.... " was the energetic

"Fielf" must relithe min, a rafilly. "Wall, now, Moll, y size a many, and yest must buy your time. I can't all the last yes a say illing to home, and as yest pay for the

I will be the the that has been been

spring of the Bob," is seen to health, as he spring out the like health he he had been the health and the health at the like health and the health at the health at the health he

meal when you come back from work, and clean closes for Sunday, and that's your share of the money."

"Humph!" he cried, angrily, and how long'll it list a w,

when there's any whisky to be got?"

"A good while," was her grave reply. "Bb, I shan't

drink a drop while that child stays in the house."

"She will be a blessin'," he said, jeeringly, and turning en his heel, he went, whistling, toward his best. "She kees] the lup wonderful sence she got that baby," he reflect that he walked along. "She's scrubbed the floor, and washed my shirts and her own gown, and combed her hair every day, now that I think of it. I havn't smelt liquor on her, neither. It's curious how a brat like that will effect a warran. I didn't think Moll was so soft!"

The memory of an infant of twenty months is not very tenacious. Although she had fretted, mound and pland the first week of her stay in the calin, crying "ma, ma," on stantly, in a pitiful tone, which brought tours to eyes unus do weep, yet by the time of the officer's return, lath Hilling had seemed quite resigned to her surroun lines. The lovely, a liceate face of her lady-mother floated farther and farther away, and this new countenance, hard, brown, and howely, but hind to her, took gradually the place of the other, until the remains of ma, ma, was transferred to the provides 1 de U.S.: 1 Mail.

But some influence of that dead moth raiver cas it to linger about the child; who saw her first in drains, and in the waters, without level in the chords, and in the waters, without level in how that flue vision was connected with herself. Even B be evel, it not so coars as some of his companies, was various the little most of them—could not be blind to the short that he gives raise for the little one, whose editoring ringles and the eigenst raise Pearl," and, so appropriate was the appelled in the total at product, and to all the raised children at 1 the edge of pearly and "Pearly."

Moll had settled it in her own mind that Pearl was the daughter of a noble lady, a Countess at the less, at life this belief she was supported by the remarks of the resign who called to see her treasure. Such like n, and late, and

embroidery, as formed the clothing she wore at the time of the shipwreek, were worthy a Count's, and were fingered and relimited, and scrutinized, as if they could tell tales and speak names, by every good wife in a circle of five miles. Yet it was not the clothing so much as the wearer which certified to the title of "lady"—a little lady could only possess such exquisit ly-moulded limbs and features, such a translucent skin, fine and white, with small blue veins, and such hair—glossy as silk and bright as gold. Yet, while she gloated over the nobility of her nursling, she had angry fears of the relatives who should come to claim it. She wanted it for her own. She had no children, and this had taken sole possession of her affections.

As the months slipped by, bringing no tidings, she allowed herself to consider the thing as settled. If Ellen had been a fairy, who did the neglected work of the house-maid, she could not have wrought a greater change in Bob's calin than was worked by her unconscious influence. From being a slattern, Moll became tidy; from being a drinker and idler, she heave soler and industrious. Her child, being so fine and delicate, must be kept next and well dress 1—no rags must flutter about Pearl.

For a time this some I to be suff, inthly are earle to the man of the house; but, as the money dwindle I, and no new supplies came, he grow impatient at this "burl n," as he was placed to call it, and thereupon aresens we differences between the couple, who had never been distinguished for the powerfulness of their dispositions.

To think of callin' that blosed angel a burden? burst firth Moll, facing her has and with the hing eyes, as, upon one consion, he raidly pushed Pourlaside, as she toddled to the door to meet him. "You're a disgree to your sect, Bob Nelther a why, most of the poor longshoremen has families of eight and ten to folland elothe, and her are you grumblin' at the growth block of the versent your set his of a cross, to, that do sa't cut a saw rid a day, and have recess cut her show, nor tears her aprens. Body, and have ruch that that the whole neighborhood envisue, and some rich popular would give a peck of gold, for—"

"I wish they'd off rit; I'd do other trein, and hey quick !"

"That now, yer wouldn't, while I was alive to held on to her. She's mine, I tell you, once for all, and I mean to take care of her."

"The chit's well enough," said the surly fellow, "but she mustn't get in my way, nor call on me for vittles and cloics."

"The meanest skit that ever dragged a net word hat be gredge a little fish out of it to the likes of her," rejoined Moll, contemptuously. "But I don't lay out to put such a heavy drag on your shoulders, man—no, no; while Moll lives, her hands can get enough for herself and little Pearl, too," and she turned to caress the child.

"Oh, bother! give me my supper."

"It's on the table, and I reckon you can eat when the grab's before you. Here, Pearly, mother's got something nice for it," and the woman took the little one in her hap and gave her a biscuit.

"Don't be a fool, wife. The young un's well enough; but you'll own we've reason to feel disappointed. I thought one; she'd be the richest haul we ever made; but I'm beginnin' to think we got nothin' but a stone in our net when we drawed her in."

"We'll get our reward yet, if we do night by her," said Moll, willing to soothe the irritable temper of her conquait and to advance the interests of her charge at the same time.

Thus it was alternate storm and sunshine, darken I and lightened about little Illen. When Moll had married B b Nelthorpe, she knew that she was marrying a bad man; but it was not until the clear blue eyes of the child some late look through her soul, and awaken her conscience, that she begun to be uneasy about his manner of a making a living. That some of his acts were unlawful, she was aware; his rains were not always honest; and the only trouble this had him so given her, was the for that he had fallen into the had so fine law. But now, when this little adapted child was principle labe, as their datas should dealers to be discrepted table, as their datas should dealers be grew and his so lead, at last, a crimeless life.

It annoyed her, therefore, when her hasband came have as he occasionally did, with ill-gotton spells; she madd rate strate, but he met her interference with jers at har now

"picty," and continued on in the old way. He had trodden the paths of depravity too long to be turned aside by the smile in the eyes of a child. In lead, it angered him to be "preached at," on account of the "little pauper," who sometimes shrunk, in wonder and alarm, from his rough voice and ruder touch.

He had begun to grow really ugly to the child, and to fed extremely dissatisfied at her long stay with them, when an event occurred, which, although she never understood why, relieved Moll's mind from the apprehension that he would attempt to get rid of little Ellen.

He came in one day, a little over a year after the wreck which had stranded little Pearl on the sca-shore, and, with a triamphent chuckle, shook an elegant purse in his wife's fee, which she could see had in it a considerable quantity of gold.

"There's enough of the shiners," said he, "to keep the pot boiling a year."

"Oh, Bob, that isn't your purse, and I fear you didn't get it

in the right way."

Right way! Gettin' squeamish, ain't you, now, Moll? He, ie, that's a good un! If it'll ore your mind any, I can tell you I just gently eased it out of the pocket of a young gentlement I found askep beside the river. People with money in their peckets shouldn't go to sleep in the road. It's his own fact, you see, entirely. But I didn't get it without trouble, it all that. Look at that, ducky." He held up a large jak-kniis, the blade of which was stained with blood.

Moll gave a low scream of horror.

- "Oh, Bob, you didn't, did you?"
- " Didn't what?"
- "Shed blood."

"I reduced I did; but don't you be gabbling about it, or you'll have the plies down on us."

"Let 'em coan," sail the woman, eighing up little Peal in her arms. "It is go away from here, Illic—we will not stay—we will not touch the money. Two bean a hell wemen, Bob, but not so belias that. What made yout thin ?"

She moved toward the door; her hashand hard into a lad

"Don't take such a desp'rit view of things, Molly, my girl. I've committed murder, I know, but it was only a forecious dog that tackled me, when I slipped my hand into the gentleman's pocket.

"Is that true?" she asked, scanning his face, eagerly.

"Of course it is. I'd be a big fool to murder any body human, and then tell of it. And as to the gold, you nee ln't feel so delicate about it. I'll warrant the one I took it from has plenty more, and won't miss this; and it'll do us lots o' good. Little Pearl shall have a new frock to-morrow. Howsumever, I found a paper in that puss, worth a good deal more'n the money. In fact, it's a good deal like havin' a bank to run to, and draw a small check whenever I've a mind. I reckon I'll give up fishin' and the like for the rest o' my days."

In vain Moll questioned him as to the peculiar character of

this important paper; all he would explain was this:

"It all came of that wreck, and little Pearl, here. I'd know'd she'd be a fort'nate ticket in the lottery when I tok her. Mind your own business, wife, and take what good you can get of it."

But Moll did not get much good of it. Her has and give up work, as he had declared his intention of doing; he always had money in his pocket, which he never carned; but the change was not beneficial to him—the more idle he became, the more vicious he grew, and the more addicted to drink. He tolerated little Ellen in the house, for motives of his own; but he had not heart enough to love the beautiful child, whose grace and sweetness touched every soul save his. In vain his wife asked him, since he seemed to have the means, to remove from their present wretched abode and bad associal as; he spent money in lounging about the city, and staying from home, but not upon the comfort of the horsehold.

In the meantime, Ellen, as she grow of ler, had a variety inscipusness of her misplaced destiny. She was unlike the children of the fishermen along shore. No central with view or ruleness could soil the purity of her mind, or distributhe gentleness of her manners. She love I brown Moll; she call I her mother—yet something within her shrunk from the povcity and meanness of the fisherman's cottage. The pa-that cruel set which had orphaned her—was her best friend. In the sunshine, and sometimes in the storm, little Ellen strayed along the stands with her bare, slender flet, or sat on the rocks gazing obeanward for hours, with a strange feeling of desolation for a child, and a vague sense that across that mighty waste of waters was to come some marvelous new fairy-gift—some wonder-world to herself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD DOCTOR AND THE YOUNG.

Well, one may trail her silken robe,
And bind her locks with pearls,
And one may wreathe the woodland rose
Among her floating curls;
And one may tread the dewy grass,
And one the marble floor,
Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,
Nor broidered corslet more.—O. W. Holmes.

We must allow twelve years to pass unrecorded in our story—twelve years, in which the Pearl of the cabin grew into the lovell st maid nhoot. Or rather, though pure and pearless is the gimen after which she was named, she was more like the unitable growth the highest the land allowed the limitable growth. The expects, which because such changes to the growing child, pearled highly over the heads of the two whom she was accessored to call her parents. Brown Moll was still a victors women, the strength of whose mature seemed all time I to the possion of love, which she filt for this a lopted child; and Bab Neltherpe was the same ille and unreliable passes, every that habits of discipation had traced do p marks upon his face.

The a viller had grown up, from the few wan bring of the on the satisface; so that the one is lated how e of the Neilings was now surround by planty of nighters. As it the ottage itself, though of hand diligibled, it wore no large that dreary and barren look which had once characterizable. Ellen had plant before in a little yard which surrounded it, and had trained vines over it, until its weather-

beaten walls and small windows were hardly discernible through their green drapery.

Of the village, it is quite enough to say, that human fiers thronged its little streets, and human hearts beat among its quiet homes, much in the same way as they throng and heat in any other village on this wide earth, marked only by those peculiarities inseparable from a community of fishermen and sea-faring men. Labor toiled, and youth dreamed, and humble duties housed beneath the humble roofs, and sat by peaceful hearths; and this, as yet, none the less that the cloud of war was rising over our beloved country, and the star of the immortal Washington was beginning to glimmer through its shadows.

The romantic history of Ellen Nelthorpe's infancy was wellknown in the village, and, of course, added a charm of its own, to attractions sufficient in themselves; she was growing up so beautiful that she was called "Pearl," or "Rosslad," by general consent; and so gentle, that the dullest lips in the neighborhood grew eloquent in her praise. Already, though but little past fourteen, she was ardently admired by every fisher lad and young sailor who troubled the blue waters of the cove. Moll had sent her to the district school, so that the voung girl could read, write, and had a fair ibe of the world, as she could gather it from the geography, and by vor. 1 this the education of a great many more aristocratic dansels did not venture, in those days. But she seemed, frem her infancy up, to have a knowledge of her own, _atherel in unknown ways, from the sea, the sky, the shore, the rocks, the flowers. Certainly, whatever might be the influence describing through gentle blood, she was very different from these persons by whom she had always been sarrounded. No matter how poor the setting, the pure light of the pearl shand out of it.

There is no village, settlement, or cluster of house to be found, with rare exceptions, which does not have its are man; so that even the humble cluster of fisherment's cold about the cove was honored by the shalow of a large while house, which stood on the outskirts of the place, by end the barren sands of the shore, sheltered by a grove of calcatal surrounded by a well-cultivated garden and grounds, where

dwelt the physician who ministered to the bolily ailments of the mighborhood. It was not the patronage of these poor villagers which had induced Dr. Etheridge to take up his all le in this, in one sense, unpromising locality. He was a gentleman past middle age, with wealth and reputation already made, when he sattled at the cove. The death of a I lowel with and the partial failure of his own health, had brarkt him here, in search of the sublime loveliness of the s.a, and the invigorating influences of its salt spray. Finding the soil of Long Island as fortile as the scenery was beautiful, and that he could gratify his taste for gardening as well as enjy the stashore, he purchase I a small firm, built him-elf a placent hour, and became one of the "fixtures" of the cover And as he could not entirely lay asile the habits of twenty years, and was naturally benevolent, he became a selfchated parish do tor, never religion to attend the humblest, while exacting a fee only from those well alle to pay it.

Of course Dr. Eth rills hal hearl little Pearl's remance. And one day, when she was about twelve yours of are, he had male her asymintance. Sie hel run to his house, and and the intermediate that the part half, in the milet of her excit ment, of her own peculiar, charming grace-to I I lim to att n l "her flither," who had be n thrown from a

wagon, and had his arm broken.

"Drink, of cours," muttered the doctor, to himself, while by server I, through his spectacles, the fuir apparition which Led burst in up en Lim. "So, that's the little waif I have Larter; and, surely, it she had a drop of that brutal being's the lin her veins, I should throw away my theories. No neitobet ill sho's not Ais chill. What a pity sho should have been compiled to come up with such surroundings! I while the love thim any; she looks a finite land sel. Sit dana a m m m, chill'-- DE la-" my ir is coming round to the financiant that has you have man a good ways, you had better ride back with me."

The child thanked him, with a tremulers smile, and sat down qui thy to await his movements, without h she was thinking of the grams her father had uttered, and which had alam dalars a Shedhlad bye that hard and repelling man willing to win

her affections, and her delicate sensibilities shrunk away from his rough words and wicked ways; but she pitied him now that she saw him in pain, and it required an effort for her to remain patiently in her chair, while the old gentleman made his calm preparations. Somewhat soothed by the imperturbable composure of the physician, who evidently did not think the patient was dying, because he had broken his arm, little Ellen at length ventured to glance about an apartment novel to her narrow experience. It was the doctor's library, and her sly glance, stealing from beneath silken lashes of the darkest brown, lighted up as it wandered over pictures, curtains, and shelves gleaming with rows of books. The old gentleman, putting up his splints and bandages, and peering through his spectacles at his visitor, during his leisurely operations, remarked the intelligent light of mingled admiration and desire which sparkled in her eyes as they rested on the volumes, which were, to her, scaled caskets, full of jewels.

"Can you read?"

"Oh, yes sir, pretty well."

"Then here is a little book, not above your comprehension; it is a history. You shall take it home and read it. But mind, you are to be very cautious not to injure it, and to bring it back in due time."

"I will be very careful, sir, and bring it home safely."

Books were precious things in those days, and rather costly. The wonders of machinery and the multiplicity of patrons had not brought good reading down to its present nominal cost, a pleasure to be enjoyed in the cottage as well as the mansion. The good doctor, taking this sudden fancy to the pretty mailen, and delighted with the covetous glance she east upon his library, was yet prudent enough to impress upon her mind the necessity for being very watchful over the treasures committed to her keeping.

He scarcely needed to warn Ellen. Neat as a lily, nothing which was her's took soil or harm from the atmosphere of home. Clasping the volume, in one hand, to her hearn, she arose eagerly, when the gig was driven around to the down, to absorbed in the thought of her father's sufferings to be the least timid about accepting the physician's offer to rile by, his side, though hitherto she had contemplated him, from a distance,

with considerable awe. This was the beginning of an acquaintanta between the old gentleman and the young maiden which gave them both a new delight, and was continued to their mutual satisfaction, through two or three years, up to the commencement of this chapter.

With no one last servants about him, save an elderly spinster sister, who makes I his household, the presence of the beautiful child was like smanner sunshine, in which Dr. Etheridge loved to bask. He had many a little artifice to beguite her to his house—flowers in the garden, a cabinet of curiosities in the likeary. But he noted home of these inducements, for it was one of the joys of Ellin's happiest counting, when she could, set down a day for a visit to the great white house.

In the summer of which we are now writing, Ellen had experience I seems melancholy days. Dr. Etheridge had not invit ill reso the analyto visit him. She knew that he was enjuring his son home, who had been abroad to complete an elit stiln for which his native land did not present such facilities as it now might. She filt, intuitively, that the son's return we all all the fight r's heart fall, so that there would be Lo plant for her. The last time she had been up to the man-Fig. 12 hall ben so busy with pulliters and carpenters, as Star ly to notice her. The whole household was fall of the lated and refer the heir's room had one traction, and when she had been sent, by the d. r. with a rest to his siter, she found the spinster in this remarkable in the arrangement of it, and went away quite exerval in 1 by its splendor, and by a since of the ing chan cities promit was to belong.

Since then she had not been to the white house. A fortnight Lai to be lower she hard, though the gossips of the
Vicate, their and Dr. Ich ridge had arrived—"so handsome,
so allowing to them the medical schools of Paris." Ellen
pairs to be a hard hard home looked more plain and
correction cour, and she so redy pined for the cool rooms
and the legal pairs in a which she was banicled. Her
native of the projection to the talk of the village, and she
did not refain from the ning, with the caperness of pleasure,

to a report that Dr. Hugh Etheridge's stay at home was to last but a few months—in the beginning of the winter he was to go to New York, and begin the practice of his profession there. The humble parish, to whose wants his father ministered, was no field for his ambition.

Seltish little Ellen! she was glad this splendid young man, who absorbed now all the thoughts and feelings of the white house, was going soon to abdicate his throne, so that she might steal back and wield a rain her scepter of power. In the meantime she was lenesome, sometimes sad. She thought. more than ever, of the strange destiny which had thwarted ther natural development. It would have be a wise of poor Moll, if she had never fel the carer mind of her darling with fairy tales of her own wonderfal origin, contrasting so vivilly with the humble lot in which she was lined. Counties times, when the girl was smaller, had her adopted mother taken her on her knee, showing her the embreidered rat s and the gold chain in which she came to her, and telling her the story of the shipwreck, always en ling with the charge to Ellen "to be a lady, for she was born one, sure-a Countres at least." The fruit of this con tent tending was la timing to ripen now, in the wild dreams and melanchely musics of the quiet girl.

It was a few days after the arrival of Dr. Hack, that Ell a took her bonnet for an afternoon on the bookin. The worther was hot, and the narrow limits of the hour war did and tiresome. Her brightest homs were spent in the con air. beneath the broad arch of heaven. Her bal father van ell to the city, on one of his dissipated vicits; her mether was cut, gos-iping with a friendly neighbor. Like a link, with the door of the cage but open, sie ilew out into the free sur line. A walk of half a mile, brought her to a favorite and solute stretch of level sands at the for of hi h red. , whi i was cometimes covered by the this when the wind was from the east, but now lay a value and pliceming his of short, washed by the ripples of occan. When she really this spot, Ellen threw old her bonn t, slaking her shining heir into a thousand strands of sunshine, which wared and right d in golden circles like the waters at her fee. St. did not fear the broad splender of the afternoon, tempered as it was

by the sait breeze which fanned her healthful cheek. The thild of nature, she was not affaid of wind or sun. Dangling Her bounet by the strings she wandered on, amusing herself by picking up slells, tessing pebbles into the water, and printing the ships of her small, slender shoe in the deep sand. When she came to a certain rock which stood up across her I th, with its fit set in the sea, she climbed to a favorite shift which shut her cut them the world as completely as if times was nathing of it but heredi, the rock and the ocean stret, his jaway from their feet. Here she had spent many an lour rolling that he he the doctor lant her; but she hal not be a this A crust aftern on, and it was effort enough, in that drawsly warm air, to watch the waves now sparkling in to the core, and the white siles of clouds in the blue sea of cliera' ... M this I at one blue stretch above and below! An entiry and a harmly com.

The slaw, dell is us hours of the afternoon gilled away as Ellen set there. At first she the bit of nothing, but allowed the something her topics itself on her cycle then a variet falling Walls prict Chart when I is not range of the white hours, and the property will ment which was business is against her; that vide, the planty, and being comment of a st may all the little ship, and a thir, a bis wearen drown is and a tri trail to a writing this was a second while him a a plant of the relative hours have that Com war in the the farme, shallows, fitting by in dealy and the sure of a pair cities re-othat I a jos and i fire. Illia hal nal non voi, but her læn im jim din ala legrana lette bright politicis et dje in C. Wivil Class r. on her right head its per diffice on her id, but of the medity at a try atm spire of uncerthing. Sill, a sixtematically the mean attribute away, the the ships to the a be diministrated in the his a salp the draw of their man, the us warmth and murthe young girl. Presently she was the p, her C. Pich I. I built to its hall pillow, whose small religion of many times out the times of her ditt sing Lir, while the tile crept Light, and to cast little famy surpents up a the white

sand path by which the maiden had found her way to the rock.

It was a perilous hour for pretty Ellen, threatening to put an end to all her dreams, of every kind, forever-scarcely less perilous than the more stormy one which had proved so fatel to her mother, in years long gone. And still, that slumber, included by the heat, and the in idious murmur of the sea, wrapped her shows away from the reality. The blue, resless waves had quite washed out the footprints en the and, when a small row-lost, guided by a single our, shot around the point, and keeping close to the shore, made its way felly cloner, its occupant, with his fi-ling-tuckle in the Lettom of the little craft, seeming to find any vigorous exertion too much for the August day. Suddenly the oars received a new impetus, and the best came up along the inlet mere rapidly, its owner peering with surprise and some alarm at the unwary sleeper, being fact irolated in her dengerous seelusion. When he had approached sufficiently near to have a distinct view of the figure which had arrested his attention, the boatman suspented his oars and remained gazing upon the charming picture. It was a tall or winner which deserved immortality. The attitude in which he pau d, the water glistening from the side of the uplified car, the carest for of the young man, kindling with a lmiration and curicity, the wide stretch, of sky and occan, the bold rock, the two graceful figures in such eposits and striking point in-the pencil of an artist might traffrit, but our pencana telepit justice.

she can not be, for I see her little for benedit the her of her frock," marmared the peng fishermen. A some most proceed are must have directed me here to available this signal beauty. I know, now, why the fight reliable to his terms.

Fill he lineer d, as if I that disturb that, a new stall a relating the desired every ether as more to be consequently and less that is considered when, at her the the two my like independent to relating the mean metric industries of that a colyman, as he girl refer to a the least and the mean in it, not ten feet from her, his straw hat shalling his to e, but

toward her with a imiring intentness, she thought it a part of her dream for many seconds. As the truth dawned on her, a thish, the codest possible, sprung to check and brow; healify raising from her moss-tinted pillow, she gained her into an I was about to heap from the rock into the silvery path by will he she had come, to run away from this unexpected introduced in a she drew back with a slight scream, the color fading from her countenance.

"Water, water, everywhere,"

cir l'ar et l'appropriez, sur der and slilling about the old gryr h, with a with I musiculates mest appulling. Ellen with the all confront the intruding ficherman, now have que que I have a calar an old.

"Yershall not shant rather the title is rising, unless you have a north shall ench and near at hand," he called out only, making her a model at how, as if she were some

United Venus Aglandia, or Lady of the Luice.

If we will all and well-modelited was the volve, how solf
led manners of the youth! She know, in an instant,

who it must be — Dr. Hugh Riberite, of the massion,
of when dishall on thinking reconfolly, as she dropped

all p. Did she fold her toward him now? as one who

had a bour right to the affections of the old filling, then

had it is not be at quick with innocent a unimation.

Herefore, here of the world that he was, the shy delight
in here in — her wher, singers supplied and pleasure. He

did to it. Del Hugh's heart best a little faster, also. He

was only to oppose and below the faster, also. He

was only to oppose and below in the rha of his straw

hat. Details had no struct of his and solity, as well

the less had been alleged or its.

The real relationship to a library and her call he so whether the frunk, controlled to the contaminated, and the real head of the man he wislomed to the call he design to the latest the call of the call he wislomed to the call he call he

the depoint of the law series in the law to the law to

in the state of th

"There is but one thing for you to do."

"Which is to get into your boat, I suppose."

"You are a downright Yankee at guessing."

"I don't see how I happened to fall askeep. It was very heedless of me."

"Well, it was a little heedless, to say the least. It might have turned out to be a fatal mistake, if I hadn't grown tire I of baiting my hook for fish that wouldn't kite, and so, just rowed in this direction to examine this rock, which is of peculiar formation. I might have gone away again, and sworn, forever after, that I had seen a real mermail, or Venus herself, if you had not awakened and spoke so very like a young lady."

"I have read about mermaids; do you really believe in them, sir?" asked Ellen, with a gravity which brought a hidden spile howering around the file believe in

den smile hovering around the fisherman's mouth.

"We will discuss that question some time when we have liner for a calm examination of its merits. But now, you had better st p down as close to the edge of the rock as pussible, and I will pall my craft alongside."

Illien did as she was bid, setting her small feet firmly on the slippery and slanting floor of her romantic sleeping apartment; her preserver, with a single stroke of the oar, was alongside, he held up his arms, she sprung lightly into them, and the next moment was deposited on the little weeden scat of the boat.

"And now, where shall I land you?" he a ked, as he pushed out into the riding waters of the cove.

Never did sea and hard look lovelier then at that he are. The sun was just a still reader a day of torrid splender, a cool breaze was springing up, and every ripple on the cooling for all breast was the dwith a respectioned. Ellon, for hed with the excitement of her novel alverture, was trobly here thick. She had be the constant, by the in the cities wind, and here all on heir about bottom to the cities in a manner to entands the interst of any years mean who a heart was not air aby best. The stranger, there is his one was respectful, could not help it is an wandern contactly to the fair years creature to the him. He plant the cars with an in black hand, quite will, a to carrie, as far any on the,

the enclaration at of the hour. And when he thought of it at all, he belt well that she was the derenter of some wealthy and are mplished fimily, for there was a high-bred air about Ellin, which warranted the supposition. Her plain white muslin frock was one which any maiden, high or low, might have your on a sultry summor afternoon. In fact, he regarded her only as an extremely lovely child, with whom he would like to be farther acquainted.

The young doter always made pets of pretty little girls, and his mann r now was fall of a tender protection and playful gayety. Ellen began to feel at home with him, and to belt we that she should like the white house still more with him in them out of it. But then, Dr. Etheridge had not asked her to come there since his son's arrival. Why? the poor girl was too

"Unskilled in all the arts and wiles That worldlings prize,"

to have the loast suspici m of the roal reason.

"If you don't tell me where to land my hir freicht. I'll tall it is me to my father, and tell him I've fished up a Nacid this of me of

"You will not be able to impose upon your father, Dr. High Edward be," ret red Ellen, archly; "he will know your field as son as he said. We are very well acquainted."

"In I d. I wish held make his pleasant friends known to me a little some. What may your mane be, Water-strite?"

"III n—Nobic quell sin space the 1-t word relactantly, as if her hart discount in, and immediately a shade fell cont her contains—she filt the great gulf which by i in a the property on the property.

I shall easily find may way have from any point above the

"I have her how first spok of yea," continued her conjudence of a particular with still no retain rest, "I know you were a flipping the square of discount lyon as pond the field. Dut the what is appoint to cally for that light that I will a particular on yould flith pier, and you have the light that I will a particular on yould flith pier, and you have the light that I will a particular to take call."

In five minutes more Ellen stood on the pier, looking wistfully after the boat, whose occupant waved his hand to her, as it shot rapidly away, feeling as if all the glory had gone suddenly out of the earth.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream."-Moore.

"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death."-HEMANS.

Young Dr. Hugh became the idol of the little village. For a glimpse of his handsome face as he rode by, young maidens and of I, would flock to the windows; the men like I him too. Though sufficiently reserved, and with an evident sense of his position, he had yet the irre ictible charms of frankness and complacency. He was not selfish, nor insolent. He his of the girl babies, when their faces were clean, and gave the boys pennies; went hunting and fishing with the rough n. n., and made little presents of snuff to the elderly women—and this out of real kindness, not from any set motive to make himself popular. Everybody complimented him, save one person; and she thought more of him than all the rest of them put together.

A sublen charge had come over Ellen. She seemed to be a child no more, but a quiet, thinking woman. A down times a day she would start out of some reverie, and if she met her mother's eye, would blush. If a step sound be already at the door, she would color violently. Yet her wor came to the cottage. Only once he had called for her faller to go off with him for a day's filling; and then Noble me had been so shownly in his dress and so coarsely familiar in his remarks, that the senditive girl had fairly shrunk out of the one room into her bit of a bed room, to constal her pain out mortification.

Oh, what will be think of us?" was her inward cry, as the buried her face in her hends, remaining in terms until she

heard them depart. Size almost hated then, the foul being she was ciliz I to call father. Will thoughts of e caping from him, and them this misrable life, crowded into be mist. But the level har aligned mother with a strong alletim. She all not help but nearn a portion of the love havished upon her by one who never wearied waiting upon her, praiing her, was hing her every movement with delight. Illim's nature was tong at to make her eagedle of ingration let cared this more than in ther. Yet she was beginning to chair at the chains which ham I her—to be wretched in the por h me, which was the wine soft may rule and helt rous s no when Millian we about. It would have be a letter frierped mistiffermathr het concaled fra her her origin-if the half ner ent red Dr. Htheridge's library to it i how much more she would be at home there than an ny the paie with when hard diny was wound.

Dr. Huch did not come to hor home, yet she saw him often. She call not walk out along the beach, nor in the green fails, skirt I with the prim val that, which eded the belt of sail on which the village grow, without meeting him. Always by a librat. She was catala of that! For Dr. Heri wall no trails him if to met purply a per in the destrict of the little little contraction of the they there are in the second the inchine of him to her sile, which are a sent for a least afternoon of walking, or relief of get the distantion but the Theorem in the her so very happy, fit him; her che les with smiles and chinpla, while her eyes show with created this. He could tall her so much about the entitle live within it, and the comtried yould it, so not had not the grass and flowers—les was the agine of the part the house in the national continues to the parties, since the test of the test happy still.

Since did not a library how, is never tilled! but the Wrong of the wrong of the wrong it, while it tarms to the sun.

All this time all Dr. Deberies never one invited Ellen to visit the remain. He call I a few times, to have a bequet or a be known and when they met in the stress of the

village, was as kind, more kind, than ever,—but he did not speak to her about his a n, nor bid her, in the old, cheerful way, to come and see him. Ellen doubted if he knew that she and Dr. Hugh were acquainted.

Once she was speaking of her old friend to her mother:

"It is strange," said she, "that he does not ask me to visit him any more."

Moll had a great ded more affection for her child than discretion. Her black eye thanked fiercely, as she spoke up

with great vehemenence:

"Not a bit, strange, child, as you'd know, if you knew the world. Dr. Etheridge isn't as set up as some—but he's a deal too proud to let his son marry a poor, shipwreeked, nameless girl, with a gly Bob Nelthorpe for her adopted father. And he knows you're so pretty, Ellan, that if Dr. Hugh should see you, he'd fill in love with you—and that's the truth," she added, snapping her fingers.

"Oh, moth of how can you talk so," cried Ellen, in a low voice, hi ling her free, searlet with shane and surprise, in the

woman's lap.

"Here, never you min!," said Moll, soothingly; laying her brawny had I on the gill their heir which showered over her lince. "Only, if you not Dr. Hugh, any more, when you're rambling out, do you show him you are as good as he is. Taint hence thor him to be langing around to speak to you out of doors, and never coming nich the house. Don't cry, darling—I've only said it to warn you."

Her mother's words sound of strange and frightful to Ell m. She was perfectly overwhelmed by the new ideas they presented to her mind. Could it be possible there was anything wrong—dishonorable, in the young man, in whose presence the always of it so inexpressibly happy? Was it wrong for him to ack her company, when the was alone by the seathere, or along the weedland path? or for her to be so glad to see him coming, and to welcome him with such a joyful smile? Did Dr. Etheridge, indeed, consider that she was not a fit companion for his son? There bitter questions crist out in her breast; for a long time she hid her face in her mother's dress. When she arose, her cheeks and eyes were bright with a proud fire.

"I thank you, dear mother," she said; "I believe what you have spillen is partly true;" and then she kissed Moll, and went to her own they room, to hile the wound which she had received, until she was able to cover it over with smiles.

After that she met Hurh but a few times; when her manner was constrained, and so different from the artless maiden who had revealed her every impulse to him, that he asked her many times if she were not well—if she had any trouble. It was hard to list not his veice, full of gentle solicitude, and to feel his hen, dark eyes on her thee, and yet affect to be dull and in this rent. These eyes, whose light steplance thrilled her from head to foother was hard to have them rest upon her inquiringly, and yet have to hill the truth from them. Poor Ellen was taking the first hesen in a woman's life—the necessity if remember and prefecting her heart.

Thirty, although the calin hal never been so utterly weariserve to her, should be as a less take her contemary walls.
Should be the Dr. Holl was some ingress the city, and sho
which will should be real of his departure. The tidings came,
one day, by her folder, that the yearing man had been forced
the said to raine to Now York, with a load-load of trunks
and true. He had then we as he came in to dinner. Ithen
tried to establish only the trans are one her emotion, but
her the a swell hand the trans are one her eyes. She had
dimby our to he well with, or, at heat, a message. But
how he was the call she really by the passage had
the world to her like was a thing—absolutely nothing—to
him.

It was a day in lete In the Summer, mild as spring, though the verge of wint r. As so n as she could leave the table without authoring the notice and og stions of her parents, P of the house showl over her her land shoulders, and slipped the fitter house. Show a sufficient in that close room, before the appearance of the house of his help of which had not comprehend her; and once on the limit of which had not the head, she almost flow all not. Une not in by his room took the direction toward the room had she had not had saved her life, and who she had since spent many delicious hours. Here she say a long time, with her hands pressed over her eyes, then, stretching out her arms toward the sea, she called-

"Mother! mother!" in a wild, entreating voice. She yearned, in that hour of desolation—when she felt with the keenness of youthful sensibility, that no one understood her, or could console her in her doubt and sorrow—to be lying beside that unknown mother, at the bottom of the ocean, with the senmosses weaving funereal drapery over them, and her poor little distracted heart at peace.

"Dear Ellen, what does that bitter cry mean?"

She turned at the sound of the soft, compassionate voice, and beheld Dr. Hugh by her side. She had thought him far away; yet there he stood, his eyes searching her tremulous face with a look which she could not bear.

"Oh, Dr. Hugh," she said, turning half away from him, "I wish you had never come to this rock with your boat, that time I slumbered while the tide rose. It would be better for me to be dead?"

"Why so, little Pearl?"—he put his hands to her burning cheeks and turned her face gently back, so that he could gaze full upon the trembling lips and tearful eyes—it was cruel of him to subject her to such scrutiny, but Ellen was too overwhelmed by his sudden appearance to control herself as she might otherwise have done.

Her only answer was the rapid tears which ran down her cheeks.

"Sit down, and tell me all about it. I am surprised to find you so unhappy. I thought you a perfect butterfly of joy, Pearl."

He drew her to sit down beside him on the rock, holding her hand in his.

"I am not happy," sobbed the young creature; "how can I be? I do not love the bal man whom I call my father. My mother is very good to me, and I love her—but I am not happy there, in that place! it does not seem like home. I pine for my own mother—with some one to love with all the but there is in me. Oh, dear! you can not guess how de plate I feel sometimes. And to-day—I felt—I thought—"

"That I had gone off without saying good-by to you. Did

that make you feel bad, little Pearl?"

"Yes" she whispered, looking up at him.

He smiled into those truthful eyes; but it required more

experience than the maiden had, to tell what manner of smile it was. It made her heart flatter, and yet it troubled her.

"I did not think of being so neglectful," he went on. "It was a mistake about my baying to-day. I sent my baggage off, but I intended to remain and enjoy the lovely Indian Summer day to the fall: t—on the shore, with the little girl by my side, who loves the sea, and the open air, as well as I do. I called at your mether's for you, and she told me that you had got the start of me; you were already off; I guessed where I should find you, and came straight here."

Her face brightened during the avowal. He had thought of her, and gone to the cottage to ask for her. She gave him a smile that would have melted a harder heart than Dr.

Hugh's.

"I want you to promise me that you won't commit suicide when I am away," he continued, banteringly. "You know I am coming back for a heliday, next summer, and the charm will have vanished from the cove, if I don't find the pure light of my little Pearl glistening here."

"Next summer is so fur away, Dr. Hugh."

"Not so very far. Time always flies more rapidly than we

"To got it will fly first; in the city, with every thing beautiful all ut you, a lining d, and itious. But it is dreary on these sands in the winter."

She I he that has been ther and looked off over the ocean, steadily. While she I he I away, he studied her face. His own countries was not free from an expression of pain and irrestable not smooth ling, against which he struggled, was getting the mastery.

"I'll till ye'll haw to cocupy your time, so that it will not some solvery, my birlie. You must study and improve your it? You ha way ither takes a great interest in you. He will be pour tooler, and built ye'll books, and becture you, to. I darks. Will it not be all the cache for you to study, when you remain that you are placing Dr. Hugh?"

Y a Dit why do y a wish me to study?" she asked, with sall a vol. in his. Yet say your father takes an interest in with my let in life. Yet say your father takes an interest in

me. You know, very well, that he does not think me good enough to step over his threshold when his son is there. And I know, now, that you and I ought not to be sitting here together."

"Ly dear little Ellen, what put such bitter thoughts into your heart? My father thinks you are too good to associate with me. That is it. He is not certain of me yet; he is afraid that Paris has spoiled me. But it has not—no! or if it had made me reckless and distrustful of the goodness of women, your sweet self, Ellen, would revive all my faith, all my nobility. You do not understand this talk yet; you need not try to. But one thing you*can believe, little Pearl, with all your heart and soul—and that is, that there is not a woman in the world that I respect more truly or love more dearly than I do you."

A vivid blush of joy dyed her throat and forehead crimson. "Our paths may not lie in the same direction in this world, Ella. Whether they do or not, remains yet to be seen. I am not certain of myself—I may not be proof against the influences of wealth and position—but wherever either of us may be, whether separated or within hearing of each other, I shall always think of you with affection. You must go to my father, as to your father also—let him take the place of a parent to you. And I will always be your good and dutiful brother, my pretty sister."

With a light laugh, as he concluded the sentence, he drew her face to his bosom, and kis al her.

"I have scaled our relationship, little sister."

She knew not whether she felt most pain or pleasure. It was kind, generous of him, to adopt her as his equal, his sister, to encourage her to study, to come to hid her goodly—and yet, her ye crains, unsatisfied heart demanded so much more. It was so hard to so him go away to the brilliant alburements of city life; she fit how little cocasion he would have to think of her, while her hights and days would be aborbed in one long dream of him. His words left a sting along with their sweethers—a vegue berrier still arose between them, dimly viewer, but firm as a lamant.

"Come, sitter Dilen, let us wall. Then we shall not grow so so length, we are getting sentimental over our parting."

He handed her down from the rock, and they wandered along the brach, talking of many things, and writing sentences in the sand.

"Hugh called his companion "sister" many times in the course of their ramble. Whether he meant by that to warn her against hoping to be any dearer relation, we do not know. It has been done by many men, in the height of their superfluous generosity, after letting some foolish young heart get beyond its depth in the sea of passion, to try to set it on its flet again, by stretching out the hand of "brotherhood."

It was twilight when they came to "the place where their paths parted." Dr. Hugh could hardly see how fast Ellen's tears were flowing; and she was grateful for the shadows which hid them from him.

"Go often to see my father; I shall hear from you through

him," were his last words, given with a kiss.

The next day it was snowing. Ellen felt as if it had snowed upon her harr, she felt so cold and forlorn. In the long watches of the night, during which she had laid awake, she had a me to several conclusions. Her womanly nature was beginning to develop under the influence of new emotions. One of the resolves was, that she would not go very often to Dr. Helerilans; and har, that the next time she met Dr. Hugh, he should not have the small st reason to think that she care became and all out his friendship.

The series but has shelled the pride to abide by. Dr. Hugh came over on Christmes, to spend a day or two at home. He made a brief call at the cattage, and from I Hillen knitting socks for har father, who, if remainly, was not at home. Her color har by the relationship well and him, so far had she program by the har well able well and him, so far had she program by the harden of the cove, which he had ordered painted by an artistic rate of the cove, which he had ordered painted by an artistic rate. Due he said not a word, allowed not a tone or behavior of the cove, which might encourage false hopes in his "little siter." He was all cost and kind, and faultless as usual.

When he went away he left Ellen more ill at case than ever. His visit rather awakened Moll's resentment than flattered her

"He's a mighty handsome young man, and he knows it. I wish he'd stay away, with his cambric rufiles, his pocket-hankercher smelling like a posey, his elegant talk, and all that. He doesn't do no favor to us, to come here, my darling; there's a lady in this house, every bit as much a lady as he's a gentleman. I only hope and pray she'll get her rights some day, and then we'll see how the fine folks will flock around."

"Oh, mother, I'm sure he was very polite. He did not

treat us as if he felt it a condescension to come here."

"I've no fault to find with his manners; he didn't go among them French for nothin'—he knows how to carry himself. But still I tell you I don't like him, nor I don't want to, neither."

Moll, ignorant and rough as she was, had shrewdness enough to detect the want in the conduct of the young man, whose absence she could not explain. Her wild love for Ellen—her almost defiant determination that she should be acknowledged the lady which she really was—made her very irritable on this sensitive point. Poor Moll! it would hardly have satisfied her ambition to have seen her adopted child become the President's wife.

She was a woman of powerful mind, not destitute of imagination, and the mystery clinging to "Pearl" strongly affected her fancy. She was as certain as she was of her own existence, that the mystery would one day be cleared up, and Pearl would come out a "ludy of the land." Herself, as well as her husband, being of Scotch origin, some of the natural instincts of a peasant people, taught to look up to the nobility, clung to her in that democratic land where such feelings met with but little sympathy.

Moll was not destined to live to see that day to which she had looked forward for nearly fifteen years. The dull winter wore away; the spring came, with its scent of peach-orchards and violets mingled with the olor of the sea brine; summer again, with its golden, drowsy days, full of warmth and languor, descended upon the cove. In the midst of these listless days, Ellen was startled out of her dreams by the sullen, severe illness of her mother.

When Dr. Etheridge was summoned, the gravity with which he viewed the case still more alarmed the trembling girl. In

less than three days her werst fears were realized-Moll, lay at the point of death.

In the primary of her grief, Ellen realized how much she had loved and reliable up a the faithful woman, who, if not her real mother, had yet excert all even a mether in her devotion. White and quiet, the girl sat, clasping the hand which lay,

purple and icy, in hers.

For some hours Mell had bein in a stupor, from which she would only awaken at the dying mement, if at all. Under the excitement of his treath, Bob Nelthorpe had gone off to drown his fediers in drink; some of the neighbors were in; but no one, save Illien, was not the bol, when the dying woman of nelther eyes and fixed them on her child, with an intelligent expression.

"Pearl, I'm a in a I know it. There's one thing on my mind. Berd down year ear; I want to tell you. I'm not cortain, but I i like that II is he as all about your relatives. I've the relatives in years. I've he was and plead with him to tell me, but I never a to think but I lows for answer. Perhaps he will tell you. Ask him—incide upon his telling. He isn't fit to care for you a way I'm reing, and if he knows who you fit his ter, he made and you to tem. That's all. Kins me, my child. Pearly, my but y, where are you?"

The diam sold out to lover her vicin; Illen could not make her har her with north large, in a few moments the delignorphia lagic was taken away from the

led by hind no bid re-

The fine rule of M lly N is reason was plain and quiet; her has a lower of the notion to take his like as the fine to take his like as the fine to walked

by his side, built pully that produce in

Dr. Hall of training her afflication; her was proportion as he is the grave, and when she had been as he is the proposed when the carth had a point of the carth had a proposed that his a making his sim. Oh, if he would only stretch out his arms, and his arms and we point her sorrow on his break! She fit how up thy alone she was.

Truly she was alone. When she went back to the little cettage, life seemed too weary to bear. Humble friends came

in and set out the table, making a cup of tea, and bringing such delicacies as they had. Nelthorpe ate and drank greedily, and in more silence. Ellen forced herself to swallow a cup of hot tea, for she felt faint. Then the neighbors went away; night came on—her father flung himself upon the bed to sleep. Long, long, Ellen sat by the little window, open to let in the night breeze, for she felt sufficated, gazing up into the starry sky, and withing she were safely up in their heavenly heights with her two mothers.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT ON THE WORLD.

My heart is very tired - my strength is low;
My hands as a full of hissones placked before,
Held dead within them tall massed shall dis.—Mas. Browning.

Nor perils gathering near;
My meatest rief is that I love
No thing that claims a tear.—Childe Harold.

Ir was a fortnight since the funeral. During the most of that time Nelthorpe had been at home, lounging about the village, drinking, coming irregularly to his meals, and creeping in late at night. Illen had exerted berself to make him comfortable. She had very little experience of housheld matters, for her mother would never allow her to soil her hands with any thing coarse or hard; but she oil the lost she could, from a sense of duty, and not from any affection, for the tyrant, the sound of whose step often made her tremble.

Those two weeks had been very wretched ones. Dr. Hugh had not once come to the house to offer her the sympathy of a brother," which now, if ever in her life, she needed.

"Brother," she said to herself, with a scornful carl of the lip; but her pride, great as it was, could not prevent her from being miserable. The young physician was home for the holiday he had spoken of the previous year; yet he came not near to fulfil the promises he had made of renewing their old, sweet talk and rambles.

First with the unwented care of the house, grieving for house, sick not by the course details of labor and want, plaint in a cap ministip, for a friend to pity her, Ellen's cup was running over. Should that she ought not to try to live on in this main remarks lenger. Nelthorpe was growing worse, instead of improving under the discipline of sorrow; she could not stay in his house, and take, as her mother had, our same that a long is a mething she must do. One of the two results of day a lant formules—sewing or teaching.

She cannot be the firm recoive to leave him, after a night on which he had come home just intoxicated enough to be ugly, and along the for her combiner, which certainly was not first rate, but the last that she was capable of. But before she trial to find employment, she would fulfil the last wish of her reclaim that were to discover if Nelthorpe knew any thing of her real events.

of her real parentage.

After a middle of roll and the court it in his present state.

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With order some in the same of the court o

" Father!"

"Well, while the emplaints to make? Want an west of indicate, how another fronk, or a girl to wash up the dishes for you, ch?"

"No, fight; I wished to tell you that, since mother's death, I have made up my mind to take care of myself—not to be a burb a up a year, as I have been for so many years—"

The man lated up in surprise, but precently broke into a

latin

"Burla en met Ha, ha; that's a good one, Nelly."

"You have che tell me so; and I do not wish to tax you try hather. But he is I make up my mind what to do, I while to he is a legal to he is a legal to he is a legal to he who and where my relatives are?"

"That put that into your hand?" was the ancry reply.

"My mailer, on her dying heal, tell me to ask you. Oh, sir, if you do know anything about them, I conjure you, in my dead me the r's nome, to tell me, that I may go to them;"

and the young girl arose to her feet, looking at him anx-

iously.

"That would be a — pretty move! I guess if I've kept a secret fourteen years, and over, from my own wife, I ain't going to let it out, now, to a chit of a girl."

"Then you do know!" cried Ellen, eagerly.

"Pooh! who said I knew? Sit you down and eat your breakfast."

"I believe you know, and that you withhold the knowledge from me for selfish purposes of your own," answered Ellen, growing firm as she grew desperate. "I must know. I can endure this life no longer. Whether you reveal to me your knowledge or not, I am going to leave this house and this place. And if you will give me no satisfaction, I will go to Dr. Etheridge, and give him my reasons for my suspicions against you. I know that he will make every effort to help me to obtain my rights."

"You dare to threaten Bob Nelthorpe, do you?" cried the man, also rising, with a grim smile on his face. "You'd better look to yourself, you ungrateful huzzy. You'll leave now, whether you want to or not; you've been a pauper on my hands long enough. You and Dr. Etheridge are welcome to all the discoveries you can squeeze out of nothin'. I reckon you'll find it an easy matter to get taken care of when you go from here. You've always wanted to be a kely, and I s'pose you think you'll be one, if Dr. Hugh picks you up. He'll take you, but he won't keep you long," with a sneer.

"Take care, sir," said the girl, turning white; "you shall

not insult me."

She moved toward the door of her little room, intent only on one thought—to get her bonnet, and fly forever from the presence of a man who could speak thus to her.

"Don't be in a hurry, sis; I want another cup of con e,"

jeered he, catching her by the arm, as she passed him.

"Let me go."

"Go to -, if you like," and, with that, his rage got the better of him, and he struck her a heavy blow.

She staggered, but did not tall. The next moment she had caught her bonnet and shawl, and was walking blindly along, she knew not whither. She had no intention of consulting

her only friend, Dr. Etheridge; she was afraid to seek the mansion, lest she should encounter Dr. Hugh. She felt that she had been a glacted, and her pride refused to ask assistance which had not been effected. She even turned away from the beach for fear of moting him there; in her present despair, she wished no eye to read her face. The blow had wounded her arm severely, but the despest hurt was to her soul. The last tie was severel, by that cruel stroke, which bound her to the wreeker's cabin. An orphan—friendless, utterly destitute! she harried along the read which led back across the island. She had always been afraid to enter these gloomy forests alone; but now she turn of from the main path, and, striking off into the heart of the woods, she walked until the noon sun stood high in the horeast, and her limbs trembled, and her face was flushed with fatigue.

Then she throw hers if at the mossy flot of an oak to rest. She had that I no find before setting out on her aimless wandering. Her throat was parched with thirst, for she was feverish with excitement. She sat a long time, pondering what she could do. To linger there until she died seemed easier than to resolve up a and execute any other way out of her difficulties. She was sick of thinking; her head ached; she lead the rain this fri a lly tree—the sunshine glided through the laws and fill upon her hair; the hirds twittered to each other; the breeze finned her hot checks so filly—nature, at last, \$100 her her had been so forlorn.

Promity III a area, on lavering now to direct her steps in so headir that a would be her back to the main road. She held that he find her way to New York, and there offer her soles as energy not each some chock or dress-maker, or the any other englighent which was honest, and to which her struggly was fitted. She betrayed her ignorance of the date as he first was fitted. She betrayed her ignorance of the

Now that she had once to a definite conclusion, she felt have that she is a definite conclusion, she felt have said a right to the thermody forward, only to find that only not a she will be have deeply in the labyrinths of the half ready As the twilight had no darken early, in the thirt read, she dis overal, with terror and despair, that she had better to the way.

She had thought herself tired of life—ready to die—but when the appalling fact arose before her that she was lost in those lonely woods, she found that life was sweet, and death terrible. The forest was rumored not to be entirely free from wild animals; hunters still found game in its secluded recesses, and even an occasional Indian lurked in its depths. In vain the poor child labored on, seeking for some clue to guide her out of the labyrinth. Night descended, and shut her up, solitary, in that fear-haunted region.

In the meantime, Bob Nelthorpe, feeling a little ashamed of himself, and a little afraid of consequences, shut the door of his house not long after Ellen left it, and started off on a visit to the city.

"The girl will be back before bed-time, when she finds there's no choice," was his mental settlement of the case. I'll not bother her any for a day or two, but go over to town, and see how my banker's gettin' alon z."

When Bob, who rowed his own boat across to to the city, pulled in among the craft which lined the shores of the river, a vessel from England was just dropping ancher in the middle of the stream.

Some of her passengers were descending the ship's side into a yawl, which was to ferry them to the landing. Among them was a gentleman who seemed known to Bob, who uttered an exclamation of displeased surprise, and then rowed his boat as close alongside as he dared, for the purpose of scrutinizing the stranger's countenance more closely.

That very day, so eventful to Ellen, and to some others, Dr. Hugh paid his long-deferred visit to the cottage. But he was too late; no voice responded to his knock. After waiting until convinced that no one was about the place, he wait is slowly and reductantly away. Whatever mission he came upon—whether for his own pleasure or for Ellen's—however much that visit might have changed the orphan's de they or his own, he came too late.

None of the noighbors noticed the absence of the Pearl of the cabin. As for Nelthorpe, he was so habitaally away, that his coming or going was scarcely remarked. It was not until a woman ran in, the next morning, to beg the loan of a basin of meal, that she found the deserted state of the house; the dishes on the table, not removed since yesterday's meal, Ellen gone, and her had unpressed. This did not give her any implicit conson, though she thought it strange the cabin should be hit unsecured. Ellen might have taken a trip to the city with her father. But not another neighbor assured her that she had son B b go of alone! The hours rolled on, and a falleged unassiness began to grow among the people.

Dr. Hugh, ridler in them his father's house, to get some train to convey him to the city, was informed of the mys-

brians disapparance of the "pride of the village."

He turned pair at the news; a sick fear shot to his heart-

a great pang of remorse.

"Can it be possible that she has drowned herself?" was his first thought.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ASSIGNMENT.

In this a durit on I to mposter us pircht in autumn, about the Mar 1779, that a para a near fully enveloped in a long cleak, the maintain how well edoubted to defind his person In the politices of the sorm, through the in and partial I had between New York. He had land lie by the half street (new Pearl.) into Broad; the actuality up and attitud a trow rediment ins, and which it is a mint into the principal avenue of the city, he 1. Il frank is referrible sir. Afterring in front die in it is a then in the riper due liber, the foot-walks 1 - 1 - 1 | 1 with anall round stones, a rather The traveler. The les, an exist ser, core, creekl probably by an Thy in the act of "Now Am reland" was thented with Hillian 1 - 1, the pale this had at the edges step-Wing here in a drawn at all and the front, bore date 1674. A leave the reliable into two parts, termed the upper and under the rearch and the latted with a ponderous iron Emocher, all'ar la l'entrance.

The hour was late; yet here and there a light was seen dimly twinkling through the storm, from the respective casements of such individuals as business, or care, or perchance pleasure, might have still kept waking.

The stranger lifted the knocker, and sounded a telerably loud summons to those within—it remained unanswered. After waiting with as much patience as a deluging burst of rain, assisted in its effects by strong gusts of an unpitying north-easter, would allow, he applied himself again to the massive ornament which graced the portal. It was this time of some effect; in an interval of the driving rain, which pattered about his ears, the stranger imagined he heard steps approaching within. He was not mistaken; a slow, uncertain, and it would seem feeble tread, came near the door, and boit after bolt was with difficulty withdrawn; then followel an unsuccessful struggle of some moments' duration between a rusty key and marvellously unyielding lock, which seemed exceedingly disinclined to render up its trust, even to the probably faithful hands which were now employed in inducing it to do so. At last the upper half of the door swung slowly back, creaking on its hinges, and revealed the form of a negro, who looked coeval with the bailding; his woolly hair was whitened by age, his form thin and withered, bent almost double by the combined effects of labor, years, and decrepitall, and his hands, one of which rested on the edge of the unop aed half of the door, while the other held a lamp, resemble I the large and bony claw of some immense bird.

"What massa please to want?" was the question new aldressed by this ancient servitor to our friend in the cleak.

"Your master. It is Evan Bertie that I wish to see; admit me, instantly."

"My massa? him gone to bed some two hours a ro—lim gone 'sleep—no one see him to-night."

"But I must see him, my friend. If he is askep you must wake him—come, no delay; see him I must, and will—so open—open quickly. And seizing the door with a strong grasp, he gave it a portentous shake. The nerves of the negro did not seem braced to opposition; stooping, he mail the lower fastening, which had hid, no maintained the only barrier between himself and the energy, during their brief col-

loggy, and who now striding across the threshold, showed to the eyes of the sable juniter a tall, and powerfully formed man.

"If make would but wait a little, I go see," began the negro, but the struct r interrupted him. "I have no time to wait, you can go on to the clausier of Mr. Bertie, and I'll follow."

Then grol it dirreditte. He regarded the stranger with Cost of fur and suspicion; the door of a room near them stood Con, but was durk within. He Loked wistfully down the I may provide the transchering veire, no friendly foot-fall, told that r li i was nor. Left entir ly to the guidance of his own juliant. Le was over mere about to patition for farther delay, who a citier by accident or design, the opening folds of the strater's ciallaste carde by readjusted it about his person, distribute will be the startled eyes of the neuro the glittering and riddly end - Il. address a lasword. Directing a hasty gland at his unw land visiter, he led the way to a flight of thirs, which each tel them to an upper passage of some Ingth, at the end of which helight appeared ben ath an unopened der. And here the suble quite pared, and knocked gently. A said to the the second was beard within, but no invitation to enter. Artin the neuro tapped, and this time attempted to turn the land of the lit—all was silent. The stranger put I rathin hard, who notion to me rate if grown desperate, burst finather in the stranger enter i.

The property of the many light and the first of the partment of the patch that the colling to the result of the apprendict the cities to the colling to the result of the apprendict to the cities of the

Dy the pine of antique

fashion. Thin, to a degree of emaciation, his garments hung loosely about his form. From his shoes, which was garnished with buckles of enormous size, role a pair of thick worstel stockings, which, reaching above his knee, were carefully a ljusted there in a roll or fold, while the skirts of his wai to st depending low, half concealed the color, as well as the firm of the neither garment at this period in vorue. A gown of faled damask hung from his shoulders, and from beneath a peakel cap of rel cloth, which covered his heal, a few grizzled locks strayed sparsely over his hollow temples. The countenance of this individual was not remarked by plea ing in its expression; it was lighted by a pair of small, keen, gray eyes, and a formed with a rose which involuntuily remind of the beholder of the beak of a vulture. A chair stood mear, which, from its position, appeared to have been recently vacated. The old gentleman was scated by the fire, a hand on each kind, and his witherel factures lighted by the tildering blaze of a decayed the, when the stranger made his abraga carrage. Startling, he looked around in sometral itation, as the later ier approached, and angri'y common at an objurtation at his domestic-"S ipio, you that the and he !!"

blum your sarvent—hadil his day—that is, he conjugate commands, I promise, when he as our land you was all and a loop, an hour a of I, how ser, ventured to differ that him in opinion in this particular, and the result does credit to my judyment. In brief, I indicate one into you this night, the opposition of Superto the contary, natwithstanting. I have business with you that brooks little delay."

"Radly, sir, it is rath r a late hour for ha ine " answere! Hr. Bertie; "I am not in the labit of lating up after middle hat mot being very well, you must radly have me excusel," and

the old gentleman be can to cough me tappedle ly.

"I regret disturbing you, siz, but the indicer about which I come is of consequence to my lift and passibly to other—it is in your power to satisfy me in a very flat mirror, on compoint of major important—the others may be but, if you choose, until to-morrow."

The old grath man thus addressed, looked on the tall flaure that stood creet bafore him, and his countenance betrayed

curiosity not unmix I with uneasiness. The stranger was a good-leading man, chabout forty, well dread, and with somewhat of military learing. The sword which he carried, however, was considered a near cry appendage to the dress of a man of field m, in the time of which we write. His forchead was high and full, and the expression of the face generous and com. His full, of or one, rest don the old man with a calm and penetrating gaze.

"I shall like to know your bulines, then, if you please?" sail the sail r, rather testily. "Sipo, you may go below."

"He may stay here, if you like," said the stranger; "what I have to say is not strictly could hunted in its nature. I would have firm you, Evan Bertie, particulars respecting a certain as i min at placed in your hands some fourteen years since, by an English Baronet."

"An assism-ment?" full red the old man, his natural pale-

every joint.

"Ayr! an a limm attad of lastrat which you have long

hell fir the bin at of a creata Ballich heires?"

"I dent unicated.—I have helen very deal of business on any heads in the correction thing lift—to be seed I might have deal of the face no deal of the face no deal of the large lift, but the care no deal of the large large, and the large la

The report for his eye cally on the face of the old and an equility that he was equilibries to the his part in the five parts may have heretooned and intelligible productions that the restorations is notify settled, I have not that there is ear, and that, to a of considerable in principle, yet to be a more if r, I believe I can prove."

Private to the beautiful to the protection of th

design and the first state of the first of the father assistant of the first of the first of the father assistant of the first of the first of the father assistant of the first of the first of the father assistant of the first of the father assistant of the first of the father assistant of the father assistan

leaving no off-pring. A provision, also, was allotted to her husband, should he be still living."

"It is an idle tale," said the old man, "got up for the purpose of wringing something out of me—but I know a little better than all that comes to—I have not followed the profession of the law so many years for nothing, I can tell you."

"You do not, you can not mean to deny that you hold an

instrument, the nature of which I have just described?"

"I can, and do!"

"Bethink yourself, old man, this matter will be scriously investigated."

"I care not!"

"I, myself, am next of kin, to the father of Ellen Meredith, and should claim the property left for her, but—"

"You are an impostor, sir," exclaimed Bertie, agitated, pale, and trembling, but still wrathful, "I have not a doubt of it, I will have you prosecuted, sir, for this presumption, I will," and he sunk back in his chair, almost breathless with varied emotions.

"But," continued the stranger, carefully taking up Lissentence at the precise point at which it had been interrupted, but, that the off-pring of the unfortunate girl still surries."

"Ha!" exclaimed Bertie, suddenly sitting upright in his chair, and actually plaring, more than gazing, on the factors of him who stood before him.

"Do you know, Nelthorpe!" asked the victor in the same calm voice.

Again the are I lawyer sunk back in his chair, a slight convalsion presed over his features; it, however, soon subside I, but he did not speak.

"Come, Mr. Bertie," resumed the visitor, "all this is ille. I am perfectly acquainted with the ground on which I produce and my purpose is firm. I will say nothing further to you on the subject to-night, I see you are activated. I shall only on you at an early hour to-morrow, when I kept to find product to saidly me on the e-points on which I shall in it. He turned to leave the room; the voice of B rtie detained him.

"This is a strange business," he said, his speech rend red almost inarticulate from the combined callets of surprise, angur,

and apprehension, "a very strange business, I do not comprehend it clearly, you come into my house at midnight, and accuse me—"

you certain particulars. Whether I have reason to accuse you,

is best known to yourself."

The amounts to much the same thin "," continued Bertie, gainly generally the apporent quietude of manner in his alversary; "but, is it reasonable to suppose that I, a poor, follows, were cut with years and care, can remember on the instant every circumstance which may have taken place throughout my like! I could not do it sir, I could not do it."

"You as knowledge, then, that it is possible you may have such instrument in your hands, such property in trust, and

may have forgotten it?"

· Sir," answered the lawyer with vivacity, "I acknowledge

no e; h thing, take native, sir, I acknowledge nothing!"

"Very well, yet will her from me arain," and the stranger retired. Bertle list and as the sound of his firm step less ned in the distance; and when the heavy door closed behind him with a velom are that resmaled throughout the building, lear door one had in his clair, and closed his eyes.

Hermited not bort in this state of apparent report. A door to him thin open to mattly, and a figure stepped into the rom, to him to emissisy around as he did so. "Is he gove?" asked in a helibable or, this new invader of the quiet of

Evan Bertie.

What inferred chance he will him to this part of the wall? or, are you sure he is the man we wot of?"

Gwr-Alfricht! I tell you he was coming here. I was some if it, the moment I sateppe on him. The ship had just arrivel, so I the elit I deep a down and hern what news was third a when not it is a long of Gower. I felt devilish the coming on the reward of the late of the coming on the ship. And yet there was no care, for he does not know me, the chair I have a nahing many a time, years a gone—I surfaced misches when I saw Licutemant Moreton here some

weeks ago. They were always great friends—always cronying formerly—Moreton is at the bottom of it, I'll key my life."

Mr. Bertie did not appear to notice what was said by his companion. He had replaced himself in his chair, and with a hand on each knee, was gazing intently on a bed of embers, that were fast dying out on the broad hearth. During the continuance of his brown study, his companion amused himself with divers half-uttered oaths, and imprecations on the wickedness of the world—on the ill-luck of people in general, and of himself in particular; intermingled with moral reflections on the folly of roguery, and the punishment due to all villains, failing not to place those foremost on the list of prying and mean-spirited scoundrels, who impertinently put themselves forward to claim their own.

"Have you done with your cursed nonsense, Nelthorpe?" croaked Evan Bertie, "because, if you haven't, I'll wait till you've finished, and then ask you what course is now best to be taken, as things stand."

"Hang me if I know," replied Nelthorpe; "and yet a way might be found, but it's dangerous."

"Teil me not of danger," said Bertie, "we must run every risk. It is useless to talk of danger."

"To you, perhaps," gloomily returned Nelthorpe, "who, sitting quietly here by the fire-side, have nothing to do but to hatch projects, leaving it for such poor devils as I, to execute 'em—you may well scout at danger."

"What does the man mean?" retorted Evan, "and who runs the greater hazard? Is it not I? It ill-success betile, on whom will the storm burst? Will it not burst upon me? me—Evan Bertie? but it shall not—it shall not," he repeated, sinking his voice grabully. "For years I have held this property, it is growing more valuable every day, and now to resign it, I thought they had all been dead, all but that palling girl, what could she do with so much property if she had it? It is grown very valuable, so many broad acres, and now to give it up."

While Evan was thus, in answering his colleague, pursuing the idea most prominent in his mental vision, namely, the value of the orphan's property, Nelthorpe regarded him with an expression which it would be difficult to describe. An assemblage of features better calculated to express villainy, than belonged to this man, it might not be easy to find. Mere ugliness was nothing; a very plain set of features may be rendered agreeable by the light which irradiates them from the soul within. But in the present subject there was no such releming expression, for it is to be feared there was no sunlight of the soul to cheer the worse than arid desert of Nelthorp's countenance. His hair hung in matted locks about his face, and his eyes gleamed from beneath heavy and shaggy brows, with the vindictive and malicious spirit of a fiend; his garb was somewhat, though not decidedly, that of a seaman, and course and slovenly in the extreme.

"It rests with yourself to give it up or not, as you please," said Neltherpe, when his patron had finished his half soliloquy.

"I wish I could think so, I wish I could, Nelthorpe, but,

say how can it be done? say how, man?"

"Why, in the first place, is there any proof, excepting what I myself can farnish, that any such deed or assignment exists."

"Hum!" musing. "Why, no, I don't think there is. Yet stay, I believe there is a copy of the instrument somewhere, but where I do not know, and in whose hands it was placed, I quite forget; most probably though, it is lost or destroyed

long ere this."

"We are not sure of it, however," said Nelthorpe, insolently, "and I advise you to rub up your rusty old memory this very night, and try if you can not put me on the right track to ferret it out by to-morrow; George Gower is no tritler, you may see that with half an eye. He means to do something, that is clear, whather to the purpose we must not leave to the clear, whather to the purpose we must not leave to

"By no means; I trust to you, Nelthorpe, as I have always

done, and I hope-"

"He is thing from me more than I have done already, unless yet make it more worth my while. I'll tell you what it is, doing a more of the yellow boys are wanting. I am solly out at ellows, as you may see." And he laughed familiarly, as he given I over his sordid attire.

"You have had a vest deal of money from me, Nelthorpe;

said Bertie; "it is impossible to satisfy you. What you do with it, I can not imagine; some men would have made to themselves a snug independency with what you have received from me, and with all, your are still poor, and—and—"

"Wicked and rapacious as ever, you would say, I suppose," broke in the other; "just so, grandfather. What I do with the money is no business of yours; I earn it in your service, that is, I keep your secret; the moment you choose to break our compact, the game is up; you know what to expect, I care but little, I am a sort of universal genius, as they say, and can earn my bread in more ways than one, that's the beauty of it."

"I have no intention of breaking our agreement; but if I pay you well, I expect something more than mere boasting in return. Now, as to this matter; you have heard what he said about the offspring of Ellen Meredith. How he got his intelligence is a mystery to me, but it is clear that he is aware

of the existence of her child."

"There is no mystery to me in the matter. The devil, in the shape of Moreton, has helped him to the knowledge; no one beside knew of the matter excepting myself. He will meet with his match in me, though."

"No doubt he will, Nelthorpe—no doubt he will—and now good night—to-morrow we will talk this matter over again, and see what is best to be done."

"Faith, I shall soon make my own mind up on that head," said the ruffian, and without further ceremony he departed.

Old Bertie groaned deeply when he found himself alone. He leaned back in his chair and resigned himself to painful thought. And who can say how deep and painful those thoughts might have been. How might late repentance, and perhaps remorse, struggle with guilt, in that spirit whose burning avariee more than seventy winters had failed to quell. And even now he struggled to hold his gains, unlawfully obtained though they might be, with a rigid and fearful tenacity, which death, only, it would seem, could loos n. As the gnome broads over his golden treasure in the dark bowels of the earth, so did his sullen soul revolve the possibility of securing to himself the treasures of the orphan, surrounded by midnight darkness, solitude, and storm.

It was evening of the day succeeding the night on which the events above detailed had transpired, that two persons were seated in the little parlor of a tavern, situated somewhere in the vicinity of what was then called King street. The "best inn's last room" was humble at the early period of which we write. Carpets and sofas there were none; the silver sand with which the floor was sprinkled, was drawn by the broom of the ingenious housewife into a variety of fanciful devices. A few wooden high-backed chairs, a small lookingglass, surrounded by a scalloped mahogany frame, a few pictures, set in black mouldings, was the utmost that was attempted in the way of embellishment. The stately hotel was undreamed of-eur present thriving, bustling, gay and luxurieus city was then in its infancy. Yet even then, as now, the heart of man was tilled with all sorts of imaginings. It was easy to recognize in the taller of the two men the fine person and gentlemanly bearing of Colonel Gower; he was in carnest conversation with a person scated beside him, at a small circular table, the centre of which was graced by a flowered China punch-bowl of overgrown dimensions, filled with that fragrant and grateful beverage-wine being then less in vogue thun it became in subsequent years. Gower leaned his arm on the table with a thoughtful air.

"It is vain, Moreton," he said, addressing his friend, "to attempt reasoning with old Bertie; I saw him, as you advised, last night, and with difficulty gained access to him again this marning; in lead, I doubt whether I should have been admitted had not his only domestic, a negro, by the name of Scipio, recognized in moran old acquaintance, which the imperfect light has highly alled to his fears, prevented him from doing. He has taken me into favor; in fact, the follow is grateful to me for an act of kindness which he received from me some years ago, and which I had forgotten till he brought it to my real in a large large, however, that I may render the circum times in a me way available to our present wishes."

"It is to be regretted that you have no proof to back your own personal evidence," replied his friend, a fine, hale-looking man, with a clear grey eye, and face embrowned by the sunshine of a warmer clime than the one he was at present enjoying.

"It may be most necessary," rejoined Colonel Gower. "He positively denies the existence of the assignment, and threatens to have me punished as an imposter."

"It is an unpleasant situation of affairs," said Moreton, "ye

I by no means despair of ultimate success."

"Nor I—I once had a copy of this same assignment, and—"

"You had? my dear fellow what have you done with it?"

"Lost it in rather a singular manner—I will relate the cir-

"But not till you have tasted once more this excellent beverage before us, which, in faith, I think is about the best that I have ever compounded. The fruit is fresh and of the finest flavor. I brought it with me from Jamaica."

"Having now 'done you reason," said Colonel Gower, smiling, as he set down the bowl, "I will proceed with my story. I had—it is now some fifteen years since—accompanied some brother officers to a dinner given by a friend, on the eve of my embarking for England. The dinner was succeeded by a ball, which, graced as it was by the presence of several beautiful and accomplished women, made time fly so swiftly that morning had fairly dawned before we broke up. I felt no inclination to sleep, and having indulged, if the truth must be told, rather freely at the table of my friend, previous to the evening party, and the lights, gaiety, and music, with, perhaps, a still farther encroachment upon the rules of sobriety, rendering my head unsettled and my blood feverish. The breath of early morning seemed delicious, and I carelessly strolled along the banks of the East River, till I found myself at least three or four miles from town. The shore at this place was picturesque and lovely. The rocky ledges at the water's edge were fringed with shrubs, intermingled with will flowers of brilliant hues—thick woods rose in the distance—the mist; were rising from the dells, and the rosy color which began to streak the Eastern horizon deepened every moment. A young man of agreeable countenance and demeanor, dressed in the garb of a hunter, with his pouch depending from his side, and carrying a rifle on his shoulder, came lightly along the path in which I was strolling. We exchanged courtesies, and entered into conversation, and being wearied with my ramble, I

seated myself on a projection of a rock which overhung the river, while he remained standing by my side. We could not have remained thus many minutes, when, bending over to examine more attentively a remarkable effect of light and shadow real-sted in the glassy mirror at my feet, I was suddenly seized with vertigo, and fell into the water. I remembered nothing more, till I recovered from what I supposed a state of insensibillty, and found myself lying on the bank, my clothes saturated with moisture, and my pockets completely rifled of their contents. I had a considerable sum of money with me when I left the city, it was all missing. What I most regretted was the copy of the assignment now in question, and which had disappeare I with the rest. The dog of the young hunter, which I had been previously admiring, lay dead a few feet from me, having, as appeared, received several stabs with a knife, or some sharp-pointed instrument."

"And did you not immediately institute an inquiry concerning this very singular affair?"

CHAPTER VIII.

LIEUTENANT MORETON'S STORY.

"I well believe
The wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far will I trust thee."—Shakspeaks.

"I could not. The vessel in which I had taken my passage for Earland, was to sail that morning, and I barely made out to reach the city in time to embark. Since then I have been, as you know, engaged in the East-India service, and had but jut reached any native home, on my return, when I received your look, intimating that my presence in this place was necessary."

"Hal you no suspicion of the young hunter with whom you

were conversing just before your accident?"

be n guilty. And yet the death of the dog, which seemed a

great favorite with him, throws a mystery over the affair. It is possible that a straggling Indian might have done the deed, and also murdered or captured the hunter, and supposing me already dead, left me unmolested."

"But," suggested Moreton, "had the young man been murdered, most probably the body would have been seen in your vicinity."

"True, unless it had been thrown into the water by the perpetrators of the deed. The river at this spot was deep."

"Still," urged Moreton, "I am at a loss to divine how it happened that you were deposited safely upon the turf. An Indian would scarcely have had the philanthropy to have left you in the comfortable possession of your scalp." Colonel Gower smiled.

"It is one of those mysteries which time alone can unravel."

"It could not have been many months after the melancholy fate of your cousin that you arrived in New York," observed Moreton.

"It was not. Previous to taking my departure for India, where I expected to remain many years, my uncle solicited me to accompany him out to America, in search of his daughter, who had left her home to follow the fortunes of a young Scottish adventurer, to whom she had been sometime privately married."

"And it so happened," said Lieutenant Moreton, "that I embarked in the same vessel in which your cou in had taken passage with her child. The gentleness and pensiveness of her manners interested me, and, perceiving the loneliness of her situation, I strove by some few little marks of attention to relieve it. She was grateful for my kindness, and one day cenfieled to me her story. She wept when she spoke of her father, and entreated whenever I returned to England, that I would seek him for her sake, and assure him of her ever-grade. fal love-of her deep regret at ever having offende I him. Our yovage was prosperous till we neared the port of our destination, when a storm drove us out of our course, and ran our ve-sel on the rocks. A boat was lowered, into which, in the distraction of the moment, so many of the crew and passenters crowded, that before she reached the shore she swamp d, and I have reason to think all perished, excepting myself and the child, which I was providentially the means of saving. The unfortunate mother was lost." . . .

"How did you succeed in obtaining aid for yourself and charge, in the region on which you were thrown?" inquired Colonel Gower.

Among the wreckers who crowded the shore was a man and his wife. I believe he was a fisherman. They appeared honest, and the woman, who had no offspring, was delighted with the child, and with them I left it, with many promises on my part of satisfactory remuneration if they treated it kindly. and en theirs, solemn asseverations so to do. I did not tell them time name of the child, nor any of the circumstances which related to its parents. I did not at the time consider it necessary. I visited the cottage only once after this; the infant was well, and grew finely. The man and his wife were much attached to it-particularly the latter. I placed some gold in their hands, and promised them a farther and regular supply. The man, who you are apprised is Nelthorpe, ostensibly followed the occupation of a fisherman, but I strongly Suspect he was even then connected with the pirates which in-I tel these waters. My business in New York was of a conthe attach nuture; it was also briefly arranged, and I returned home. On my arrival in England, I sought for Sir W. Meredith, but learned that he had gone to Scotland to seek his daughter -net being able to remain in England many days, for I was unly orders to proceed elsewhere, I addressed a litter to Ill his fither, communicating the circumstances, which I have just detailed to you, but which letter, I have reason to think, he never received.".

He never did. And disappointed of finding her as he had her in a me part of the north, he was almost sinking under a row and disappointment, when he obtained intelligence of her having sail of for America. He sought me; I had received an appointment to India, but it wanted some months yet of the time fixed upon for my departure, and I a creed to a my my him; in led, he was too much depressed in health and scirits to have been suffered to make so long a voyable of the year line. Shortly have been suffered to make so long a voyable of the year line which Ellen had embarked, and of the less of all on board. Sir William would not believe the truth

of it—it was singular, the tenacity with which he held the conviction that his daughter had been saved; and even when, on our arrival in this city, he received the sad confirmation of the fact of the loss of the vessel, he still professed a belief that Ellen had not perished. Under this impression, shortly before his return to England, where he died, he made an assignment of valuable property, which he purchased in this place, as well as what remained in England, to Evan Bertie, Esq., for the benefit of his daughter, or her descendants, etc."

"And you were privy to this?"

" Certainly."

- "It appears to me that your presence is a sufficient proof, and that there can be no difficulty."
 - "He defies me to bring proof of the truth of my assertion."

" He is a villain!"

- "There can be little doubt of that."
- "Had Sir William much previous knowledge of this man's character, when he made him the depositary of so valuable a trust?" asked Moreton.
- "Personally, none; he rested his confidence chiefly on the opinion of others. Evan Bertie was said to be a man of integrity and strict attention to the business of his profession, and his manner toward the Baronet confirmed him in the good opinion which these favorable reports were calculated to inspire."
- "He must be much changed then," said Moreton, "if all which I surmise be true. As I have already apprised you, I believe him to be in league with Nelthorpe, which was the reason I wished you to mention his name during your conversation with him, and you say the effect was electrical. There is mischief intended, and we must defeat it."

" And this poor girl?"

- "We must get her from the Nelthorpes as early as practicable. I have not been long arrived myself, you know, but I carly commenced my search after Ellen's child. Nelthorpe had left his former residence, and for weeks I sought him in vain—it is only a few days since I discovered him, and so changed by a life of idleness and vice, as with difficulty to be recognized."
 - "He is aware then of your being here?"

I did not know what plan of action you might think it best to f llow on your arrival here. Besides, there was danger, if as I suspect, there is collusion between him and Bertie, that he would put the latter on his guard, particularly if he has discovered, as by some means or other I suspect he has done, the parentage of the girl still in his power."

"But why do you suspect these men of collusion?"

"Nelthorpe's vices have dragged him down to the extreme abyss of poverty. He seems to have no visible mode of getting a livelihood, but is inveterately idle. In this state he is received, as I am credibly informed, and as I myself have seen, at the house of Bertie. That he is a perpetual hanger-on of that wretched old man, who, I have no doubt, has reasons of his own, which he would not dare avow, for supporting, while he hates and flars him. The inference which I draw from all this is, that Nelthorpe has found out the parentage of the orphan—has heard of the deed of trust, and makes the old man pay him heavily for keeping the secret."

" This looks reasonable."

"I think so." There was a pause of some minutes, when

Gower spoke:

which my cousin sailed, that many articles were thrown up on the beach. Ell n, as I am informed, had some valuable family jewels with her when she left home, but most likely all her effects were swallowed up by the waves."

"I rem mber well," replied his friend, "sceing a trunk which had belonged to Mrs. Mc Cloud, laying among a number of other things on the beach, and on re-visiting the spot the lay following for the purpose of securing it, it was gone. I say to I had his blen it securely from the wreckers, in a

crevice of the rocks."

" How do you account for its disappearance?"

man resided not many miles from the coast, though in a pleasant and fertile part of the country; that he frequently visited the beach; and it was further remarked that he removed some years since to a pretty farm, which he purchased, not far from this city, and where he resides—but still in solitude."

"And you think it not unlikely that he may have secured the trunk and its contents to his own benefit?"

"It is difficult to account for the man's sudden rise from a satte of poverty to comparative affluence, on any other grounds. But the hour grows late. We will think over these matters and do the best we can." And the friends separated for the night.

We will now lay before the reader a few particulars respecting the unhappy lady who perished so long ago, on the night

with which our story opened.

Ellen was the only child of Sir William Meredith, Bart., and idolized by him. She had been addressed by young Mc-Cloud, who solicited her hand, but Sir William would not sanction their marriage. He did not object to the young man on his own account, for his character was unimpeachable; neither was his want of fortune the most ostensible objection, since the father of Ellen was generous in his feelings, and the fortune intended for his child would have afforded an ample sufficiency for both. There was another cause for his aversion to the match. The father of young McCloud, a man originally of some consideration as well as fortune, in his own country, had unhappily forfeited the one by certain overt acts, which lost him the good will of the community of which he was a member; and sacrificed the other in hazardous speculations, entered into for the purpose of increasing an alrealy ample income. Having thus succeeded in deranging his affairs, and being disencumbered of all ties, save one child, a son, (his wife having been dead some years,) he settled some provision on the youth, whom he placed at school, and alandoned the country, went, no one knew whither, nor whether he yet lived. It is true that young McCloud, when grown to manhood, gave evidence of probity, industry, and honor, equal to the best, yet the Baronet, who was tremblingly anxious for the happiness of his daughter, had fears-and, not altogether divested of ambition on her account, listened to the overtures of a noble suitor and forbade young McCloud to visit at his house. Alarmed at the prospect of coercion, and deb.rrel the open manifestation of love for each other, the young couple contrived to meet in secret. The consequence was a private marriage, and in an evil hour the unfortunate Eller

left her paternal roof. They struztled for some time with adverse circumstances, cheered and consoled by mutual affection, and it was not till after the birth of their first child, a lovely describe, that James McCloud decided to seek for better fortunes in the new world, of which he had heard so much. Accordingly he embarked for America, and having safely arrived, by unremitting industry he succeeded in the course of a few months in establishing a lowly, but as he fondly thought, a secure and happy home.

In joyiki obedines to his summons, Ellen embarked with her infant and what valuables she yet possessed. Their voyage was presper vis until near the destined port, when one of the territe storms are so frequent on our coast. It was night—and oh, the blackness of that night! Who can image to themselves the dashing of those mountain waves?—the raging of the winds—the driving fury of the storm which wrocked that gallant vessel? earthly help, there was none; the largue was driven by the violence of the gale out of her destined coarse, and on the eastern shore of Long Island met her fate; all on board were lost, excepting, as has been already related, Lieutement Moreton and the infant whom, as by a mire le, here on I from the watery grave which menaced her.

Ellen was zene—and the hopes of her lendand became a desert—a desert from the aril soil of which no gem of joy, or love, or condict, could ever spring—Ellen was gone, and James M Clark became a changed and moody man.

The year I, broken and distanced as she was, long remained a them, not of that find storm. There she lay, wedged among the rocks, her sable hall washed by the waves that, sparkling in the smalline, early I their foamy crests against her sides as in nock ry—and there she lay in the calm and solemn hour of middle hall when the silent moon rose high in the heavens, and the label want, cloudless, with countless planets burning in its illimitable depth, showed as if storm and tempest had ever been unknown. Mild, yet majestic, was the solemn so no, that we fill of trackless was resover which the planet of the night cast a broad line of silvery brightness, and every wave in its quit unopictness, caught and reflected from its creat these pure rays, as onward they went, a lengthened

phalanx toward the shore, and there they broke with low and sullen swell. And others followed, and in the distance others were still following in never-ending succession, carrying their sea-green foam high upon the beach, then retreating with still dignity to the ocean bed.

It was, and is, a desert tract, that shore. No umbrageous tree, no thriving shrub grows there; no soft verdure on which the eye may rest when aching with its gaze on the grandeur of the ocean. And yet on that wild and solitary beach a living thing appears—alone—alone! at the dead hour! it moves along the margin of the wave-beaten shore—now quickly, and now more slow—it pauses, and looks toward the wreck—its motions are those of despair. Was that a cry of sorrow which rose on the midnight breeze? Again the solitary mourner traverses the beach with hurried step, once more he stops, he raises his clasped hands toward heaven, he strains his eyes once more upon the sable wreck, then turns, and rushing wildly across the sands, is lost in the distance.

It was soon noised abroad that a young English heiress had perished in the storm on the coast, and that property belonging to her of great value had been washed on shore, but mysteriously removed, no one knew how, or by whom. The lonely individual, spoken of by Moreton, was suspected, more from the circumstance of his being a stranger, and avoiding society, than from any other reason, unless the outward appearance of improved fortunes might be deemed just cause for suspicion.

It was not long after that the circumstance occurred, related by Captain Gower to his friend, in which he was robbed of his money and pocket-book. He suspected the hunter, but, in truth, it was Nelthorpe himself, who, while the young man at the hazard of his own life, had rescued Gower from his perilous situation, and leaving him on the bank, had gone to seek aid for the purpose of restoring him, had stolen from a covert in a neighboring thicket, and ritled the pockets of the insensible man. The pocket-book, containing the assignment, he had dropped in his haste, to chape from the scene of his guilt. He had also stabbed the dog, that, faithful to the trust reposed in him, had endeavored to defend the body from the proceedings of Nelthorpe.

The hunter and the suspected solitary were one and the same. Neith spe, who knew the suspicion that attached to this man, gladly sized the opportunity of having the robbery also ascribed to him; for the Colonel, although he left the city imm limitly after the occurrence, mentioned the fact to some friends, who premised to have the affair investigated. Gower little knew that the gallant young man who saved his life, mearly periled his own, from causes which could not easily have been foreseen. When the hunter returned with the aid for which he had sought, and found the body removed, and the flithful animal lying dead, which he had left to guard it, his surprise may well be imagined. But matters did not end Le re; stories of a robbery were put in circulation, and that of murlir was alled. The hunter was arrested, and on being interregated, could not, or would not, give any satisfactory account of himself. Nelthorpe appeared as witness against Lim, but could only say, that he saw him standing beside the stranger a few minutes before he fell into the water; and, as after strict examination, nothing could be proved against the I rishner, he was sat at liberty, to seek deeper seclusion than balors, to have his brow shadel with still murkier gloom.

All things progressed much as usual, till after the arrival of Sir W. Meredich, with his nephew in the city, and his legal arrangement with Evan Bertie. Then Nelthorpe presented hims if the rethe wily of I lawyer, and communicated to him what he hap I would a cure to himself competence for life. For one moment it occurred to this man to seek the Baronet himself certain of a right reward for the blessed intelligence which he had it in his power to impart; but the reward, the such no dealt it would be ample, would be given at once, and there are end; whereas, by hobling the secret of the life of Sir William's heiress in his own power, he secured to himself as he had a continual a lyantage.

The scient sof the wicked generally revert on themselves, and their fruits are destruction. With the means of living the ir fruits are destruction. With the means were, it recent rubly, unworthily obtained, as those means were, Noble special its of illeness and profligacy increased each day, but in the millst of his fancied security, he was suddenly alarm. Lat the unexpected appearance of Lieutenant Moreton; alarm, that the unexpected appearance of Lieutenant Moreton; he know what his errand must be, and when Colonel Gower

also arrived, he felt that the nefarious business, which had so long and successfully-been carried on, would now, most inevitably, be discovered. Yet he succeeded so well in concealing the trepidation he felt when he first met with Moreton, that that gentleman supposed himself unrecognized.

Nelthorpe considered he no longer had only a weak and doting old man to govern, whose guilty avariee had placed him in his power, he had now to cope with men, men in the power of strength and vigor of intellect. He was certain of detection. No feigned tale would pass with them. It remained then for him to decide, and that quickly, what steps he should take which would be most conducive to his own advantage. The moral of the case formed no part of the question, he was guided solely by expediency.

Scipio had been engaged in arranging his master's study, and having finished all things to his satisfaction, was about to withdraw, when he heard Nelthorpe's voice. He was conversing with his master, they were advancing together. The negro was timid at all times, but his dread and dislike of Nelthorpe amounted to horror. He seldom met with him but to receive some mark of abuse or scorn; too often the exacerlation of a low and weak mind. Acting in accordance with his fears, instead of walking boldly out of the room, he stepped into a vacant closet in one corner of the room, though at no small risk of detection, and had barely time to close the door, when his master, accompanied by Nelthorpe, entered.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Nelthorpe, throwing himself into a chair, folding his arms, and stretching out his legs, with the air of a man quite satisfied of the truth of the facts which he is propounding, and only bestowing them upon his auditor, for that auditor's own good, "there are breakers ahead, that is certain, and steer which way you will, I don't see how we're

to clear 'em."

"Gower can prove nothing!" grumbled Bertie.

"Maybe not; but he'll try to do so. He is the man who had a copy of this blasted deed of gift."

Bertie started.

"What do you mean, Nelthorpe? why have you never told me of this?"

"Because I never remembered it myself until the night that

the Captain called here. When I got home I began to think over former times, and I called to mind the fellow who was taken and tried for robbing Colonel Gower, as was supposed. There was no property of the Celonel's found on him, however, but a pecket-book, containing a draft of some law paper. I took no notice at the time, but I now recollect it as well as if it had happened yesterday."

"Neithorpe," said the old man eagerly, "that must be the

copy I told you of."

Nelthorpe nodded.

"Was it suffered to remain in the man's possession?"

Again Nelthorpe no lded his head.

"Where does the man live?" asked Bertie.

"He lives some distance from the town, and a comfortable place it is, that he has managed to get. Scoundrels will always flourish," added Nelthorpe, with a sneer, "while honest men can hardly carn their bread."

Bertin plunged in deep speculation, and did not notice the

clusing remark of his condition.

"What is the name of this person, Nelthorpe?"

"No matter i'r his name," replied that worthy, with a sinister glance at his patron, "some people are better without any."

"I wish the fillow had been hung," said Evan, "with all my limit, but, as the case stands-"

"We must shoot him!"

"Aye!"

"You are willing, then, that I should try the goodness of my rifle on him."

"Periodly!" replied the hardened old man

Az in Nelthorpe regarded his companion with a look of the n. st in lawrill this expression. It was neither hatred, nor Contonit, nor scorn, nor ridicule, but a mixture of all these, and he harst into a loud and ungovernable fit of laughter.

So unexpected, and as it seemed, unreasonable, a fit of mirth, astenished Bertie, who sat looking at him in unfeigned

AD. Z T. C.

"Oh Lord! ch Lord!" he exclaimed, when the violence of his cashination allowed him to take breath, "this will be s mething to tell of," and he indulged in another, but rather less violent exhibition of mirth.

- "I really see nothing at present to laugh at," said Bertie, peevishly, "and I must say that I think your mirth exceedingly ill-timed."
 - "You would not, if you knew the joke."
- "Well, as I do not, we will return to business, if you please."

"With all my heart."

"This Moreton—the Lieutenant—on all sides, difficulty, I think. You are sure he is the man who brought the child to your house?"

" Positive!"

- "You were positive, too, that he was killed in a skirmish with the Indians years ago. I rested my chief hope in the supposed death of that man; the girl could have been disposed of, the Colonel, if he ever returned from India, which I thought doubtful, could not prove an assignment, at least I hoped so, and all might have been safe, but now—"
- "Aye, now!" added Nelthorpe, "there will be the devil to pay. Gower will prove a trump card, or I'm mistaken."

The old man groaned.

- "Where is the girl?" he asked, after a silence of some minutes.
 - "I don't know."
 - "Is she not at your house?"
 - "No!"
- "Then you have—Nelthorpe, have you—you can not—ruffian, that you are—you can not—you dare not, have hurt that poor thing," stammered Evan Bertie. He had sometimes seen the child, and steeled as his bosom had long been by the indulgence of avarice and evil passions, there was something in the innocent countenance of that little girl that strangely moved him.
- "What do you mean by calling me rufflan?" shouted Nelthorpe; "I have not hurt a hair of the girl's head. She left my house, of her own accord, last night. I suppose I might have found her if I had searched, but I did not take the trouble. If she is stolen by an Indian, and carried up the country, or if she has strayed away into the woods, and got eaten up by some wild beast, what odds would it make? in either case, it might be all the better for you, grandfather."

Evan Bertie shuldered.

"To say the truth," continued Nelthorpe, "since my old woman's death, which happened a few weeks ago, I have fund the girl troublesome; she was for ever wanting something or other, which I had not to give her. I don't understand these things, they vex me, and I struck her once or twice; I suppose that offended her, and she ran away."

"You surprise me; I did not know that your wife was

dead."

"No! very likely not. I never thought to mention it. I have other things to think of!"

"But, about this assignment?" resumed Evan Bertie.

"True!" interrupted Nelthorpe, and assuming on the instant a demeaner of far more civility than he was by any means accustomed to show toward Bertie, in a subdued tone of voice, said:

"I have been thinking that it will be for the best that you

should intrust that instrument to me."

"To you!" exclaimed Bertie, "for what purpose?"

"Because you can then safely say that you hold no such paper, that will be one reason, and an all-sufficient one, I should suppose."

But Evan was silent; he by no means approved of the Proposal; yet ventured not replying to the man in such tones

as his effrontery deserved.

"I really do not se what advantage would arise from the

transit," he said, "however, I may think of it."

"Do so, you will find it best," said Nelthorpe, resuming his usual swarzer. "But where do you keep the instrument? It is here, in this drawer at your elbow, I'll lay my life."

"It's perfectly safe, wherever it may be," said Bertie, with

as much calmines as he could assume.

"Well, I am now going to try and find the fellow who was English of rolling the Colonel, and I shall come here this evening to let you know how I succeed." He then left the room, and Evan Bertie also retired.

As son as they were fairly out of hearing, Scipio opened the door of his retreat. Not a word of the conversation had leen list upon him; and his kind nature had been greatly ourreged at the sentiments and expressions which he had overheard. Shocked he was, and astonished that so much wickedness should exist in the world.

"Dat Nelthorpe," he soliloquized, as he slowly withdrew, "tink no more of shooting a man dan if he was a wild pigeon, and dat poor gal, too. I shall go to good Captain Gower, dis minute, and tell him de whole ting. Lor-a-gor, 'tis too much."

CHAPTER IX.

"THE GODS ARE JUST."

Absence, with all its pains
Is by this charming moment swept away.—Thourson.

Ir was the close of a soft, autumnal day, that a man clad in the garb of a respectable farmer, neat, clean and comfortable, was taking his way through a narrow and unfrequented path, which led through a small wood. The countenance of this person was grave, but expressive of kindness and benignity; his eye was good, his complexion browned by the sun and wind, and his thick, black hair somewhat streaked with gray. As he passed thoughtfully onward, his attention was drawn to something which resembled the human form, closely couched at the foot of a tree. He approached to examine it more attentively, and discovered a sleeping girl. Surprised at finding one of her sex and age in a place so lonely and remote, he supposed she must have strayed into the woods, and lost her way. Compassionating her desolate condition, the traveller proceeded to awaken her, for the purpose of ascertaining her place of abode, and restoring her to her friends. He stirred her gently; she started, and opened a pair of large. blue eves, with which she stared wildly upon him. She struggled to her feet, but, overcome with weakness, would have fallen, had not the man caught and supported her. She was terrified, and trembled, nor could all the kind words of the stranger reassure her. In reply to his questions, she told him her name was Ellen; that she had no parents living; that the woman who had been in the place of a mother to her, was

dead, and the weman's husband used her ill-so ill that she would remain in his house no longer. She had left the house the day previous, and passed the last night in the woods. As the good stranger looked upon the slender form and delicate features of the subject of such barbarous treatment, he felt his heart swell with pity and kindness toward her. He urged her to go with him to his comfortable home, and, half leading, Lalf carrying her, he got her there in safety. Calling his domestic-a decent elderly woman, who officiated also as Lousekeeper—he gave the young wanderer into her charge, who speedily took such measures as were best calculated to restore comfort to her exhausted frame. It is, perhaps, useless to add, that this was the young orphan who had fled from

the barbarity of Nelthorpe.

It was about the same hour of the same evening, that Col-Otel Gower and his friend, Lieutenant Moreton, in the apartment of the latter, were earnestly discoursing upon some of the circumstances which have been above related, when they Were told that a person wished to be permitted to see them. He was shown up, and our friend Scipio entered. His advent, Chairely unlocked for, surprised the two gentlemen, who earerly inquired to what it might be owing. Scipio, without much circumlocution, repeated the conversation which he had lately overheard, and found ready and attentive auditors in Colonel Gower and his friend. A consultation was immediately held, and it was thought best, in the first place, to endea-Ver to find the residence of the ci-devant hunter, and Scipio, Who had resolved not to return to the house of Evan Bertie, unless compelled by ferce to do so, volunteered to be their Rui le.

"I hab neder been dere, 'tis true," said the black, "but if

'the Poste de ground, I tink I can find um."

Thus encouraged, and provided with a tolerable horse each,

they sat forth.

They arrived at the farm-house not long after the master of it had returned from his daily pursuits. On seeing the strangors he alvane I to meet them, and invited them to enter, with a courtesy of manner so different from what the character given of him had led them to expect, that it served almost to unsettle their confidence in his identity. The appearance

of every thing in and about his house, too, indicated nothing but order, comfort, and regularity—the result, as would seem, of honesty and goodness; the furniture was neat, though One object, in particular, drew the attention of the visitors, and Moreton, in a whisper, directed the attention of Colonel Gower to where, on a settee, covered with furs, the spoils of the chase, reclined a young female of exquisite delicacy of form and feature. Her face was beautiful, but her cheek was pale as the early snow-drop. There was no want of intelligence in the expression of the features, vet there was much of even childish simplicity and guilelessness. The eyes were large, blue, and uncommonly soft, and expressive of gentle feelings. The arm which lay outside the covering was of great beauty and symmetery, and its perfect whiteness beautifully contrasted with the sable richness of the coverlet. Her hair, golden and silky in its texture, fell in profuse curls about her brow and neck, in all the luxuriance of nature. The drapery of the couch was trimmed with crimson cloth, scalloped at the edges, and a portion of the folds had fallen so near her face and neck as to impart a tender glow, which added to the charm of the sylph-like beauty. Every thing, in short, was so different from what they had been led to expect, that the friends felt that it was difficult to open the business upon which they came. It was, however, necessary. Colonel Gower commenced by inquiring if he remembered to have heard of the wreck of a vessel on the coast about fifteen years since; of the loss of the young English heiress, who was coming to join her husband, who had preceded her in his arrival in this country. That it was supposed, nay, affirmed, that a trunk, containing, among other things, her family jewels, had been thrown by the waves upon the beach, but privately removed and secreted by some person or persons unknown.

"My business here," added Colonel Gower, "is to ascertain the alleged facts, which, I have been informed, it is in your

power to explain or confirm."

The man grew deadly pale, and trembled fearfully. These symptoms were construed into signs of guilt, and Colonel Gower gathered fresh confidence to prosecute his inquiries. He mentioned the circumstance of the robbery, together with the loss of the pocket-book. The eye of the hunter flashed

lightning, as he advanced toward Colonel Gower, with startling suldenness, but pause l. There was an evident struggle for self-common I, and he obtained it.

"I have been," he sail, "so long the object of persecution and calumny, that I ought not to be surprised at any of their results. This is enly one more instance of the numerous as-I reliens hurled against my peace and fame. Of the money, sir, I know nothing; I am innocent of the robbery once laid to my charge; the person who suffered the injury was preserved by me from death. Here is the pocket-book you mention; I found it on the grass in the wood, near the place where the accident happened."

Colonel Gower opened the packet-book, and drew forth the copy of the assimment; but it was without name or date. Blanks had been I it for both, but in one corner was traced, in small characters, "G. Gower," written in the Colonel's own Land. This partial success gratified the Coloncl and his friend. But an ther diget now presented itself to the eyes of the latter, whi h rivet I his attention. This was the trunk of which mention had so other been made. It stood in a corner

of the rank. Martin his with at once.

"I regret to have found cause for withdrawing any portion of the good crimica I had formed of you, he said, addressing, the hunter, "but, my triend, here,"-pointing to the trunk-"is ir she subject of suspicion against you. To my positive

kt. while, this was the preparty of Ellen Meredith."

"That you have entered my house for the purpose of as-I min my i'me," said the hunter, with intrepidity, "I can n thip; but n ver, while I have an arm left to defend it, shall put touch my preperty. That trunk came into my hals by a chance which I do not choose to relate—and I ke p is by the right of a husband-Ellen Meredith was my W. W.

The Chael uttral an exclamation of joy at this unex-I : d c mmunication, and both himself and Moreton hastened to e : gratuiate him en trightening prospects that were about to con beine Lim. An explanation now took place, and the Charlashel if he had indeed forgotten the man whom

Le recuel frem a watery grave so many years since.

The face of the hunter, or, as we must now call him,

McCloud, glowed with pleasure as he shook hands with the Colonel, in delighted recognition. And now a new surprise awaited him—a happiness which, in his most sanguine imaginings, he would not have dared to dream of—the restoration of his daughter, in the young wanderer whom he had just rescued from probable death. He could scarce believe it real, or that he was not under the influence of a dream; again and again did he pour out his grateful thanks to Moreton for having been the means of preserving to him such a treasure, and again, bending over her couch, press her forehead with his lips, and gaze on those lovely eyes, which, he said, from the very first impressed him with their resemblance to those of her mother.

But when the first ebullitions of joy, which attended this discovery, had somewhat subsided into a quiescent pleasure, it became necessary to inform McCloud of certain facts relating to the assignment. It appeared to Colonel Gower and his friend, after the circumstances had been duly commented upon, that steps out it forthwith to be taken for the purpose of obtaining possession of the property now justly devolving upon himself and daughter. The conversation overheard by Scipio proved that the enemy were on the alert, and, though despairing they might be of ultimate success, they would endeavor, , by every means in their power, to place obstacles in their way, and delay, if possible, the relinquishment of the preperty to an indefinite period. The idea of a transfer of the assignment aroused them; yet, ignorant of what Bertie's secret intentions might be, they apprehended every thing from the avaricious spirit of a man capable of acting as he had done. They concluded to set forward, then, immediately, to the city, and to the house of Evan Bertie. McCloud was to accompany them, and, in his own person, claim his own and his daughter's rights. The hour was not yet late, and a brisk trot would soon take them to town. McCloud could with difficulty bring himself to leave his late found child, though for so brief a period. And numberless were the charges with which he confided her to the care of his domestic.

We will now step onward, as we are privileged to do, and inquire how matters are proceeding at the house of the worthy old assignee:

When Nelthorpe left him he repaired to his study, where,

seating himself in his accustomed arm-chair, he gave himself up to prefound thought. After some time he unlocked a private drawer of the desk beside him, and drew forth a parchment, which he unfolded and perused. He dwelt on every line, on every word, and, having finished, laid it, with a deep sigh, again on the desk. He resumed his thoughtful position,

and muttered, half aloud:

"I have been a simul man—a very sinful man; heaven help the. I have been for years trying to accumulate property, to scrape together all I could get hold of, and what does it amount to? I must die and leave it all. Yes, I am old and must som die; there is no help—nothing can save me; and those goodly tenements—they must all be given up now. There is no help for that, either. Nelthorpe says there is, but I know he is wrong; there is not—they must go to the right-ful owner, and is it not best? Yes, it is."

He was silent; but now a new train of thoughts awoke in

bis brain-his lips moved, and again he spoke:

"If he had lived, indeed, it would be something; but he, too, is general nemand I am left a poor, forlorn, friendless old man. Well. I will see Colonel Gower; perhaps something might be arranged. But no—at all events he shall have it—have it all."

Weari I by anxiety, grawed by remorse, agitated by the strucyles between avaries and a sense of justice, the old man yielded in the fill ness of age and infirmity to the stuper that hegan to overpower him. His head dropped upon his bosom,

and he fell into an unquiet slumber.

Neltherpe, in the mean time, had concluded that it was altegether but for his interest that he should get the assignment into his own possession. By practicing on the weakness and fours of Evan, he expected to effect this, and had argued himself into the bell that a sure reward from Colonel Gower, for a sufe delivery of the dead into his hands. Ignorant and short-a sufe delivery of the dead into his hands. Ignorant and short-sighted in his policy, he never dreamed that punishment, insight of reward, might possibly await him.

Satisfied, however, with his own ideas on the subject, and prompt to execute his plan, he returned in the evening to the house of Bertie; it had been some time dark, and the parsimolious habits of Evan would not allow a lantern to be lighted

in his hall; but Nelthorpe, well acquainted with the way, found it without difficulty. He saw a light burning in the study, and repaired thither. He found the old man sleeping, and, close to him—so close that his arm rested upon it—lay a folded parchment. Was it the object of his wishes? It was; the drawer from whence it was taken remained open; he was confident that drawer had been the receptacle for the decd—there remained not a doubt. And now was his opportunity; no eye could see, no ear hear him; he stepped noiselessly onward, seized the parchment, and drew it gently from under the arm of the sleeper, when the latter awoke. The motion, slight as it was, had disturbed him, for his slumbers were unsound and full of care.

In an instant he was aware of the intention of Nelthorpe; his last reflections, ere for a moment they were lost in forget-fulness, had been righteous. An unwonted strength nerved for a moment his feeble frame, and, with an almost youthful quickness, he sprang and snatched the parchment from his grasp. A struggle succeeded; the ruflian was enraged—opposition had driven him to temporary frenzy. They were alone in the building—the hour was late—Nelthorpe hurled the old man to the floor; infuriated by passion and reckless of consequences, his hand was upon Evan's throat, his knee upon his breast. Evan gasped—his eyes rolled—his face grew black.

At that moment the door flew open, and several persons entered. The foremost seeing, as he supposed, a robber, attempting life, darted his quick eye around for some weapon of defense; he snatched a pistol from a shelf, and fired. The ball struck Nelthorpe, who released Bertie, and rolled over on the floor.

McCloud, for it was he, ran forward to raise the aged sufferer, but suddenly stopped as if transfixed before him. He changed color—his lips trembled—he gasped forth at last, rather than spoke:

"Merciful heaven, my father!"

Evan Bertie had succeeded in half raising himself from the floor; he looked up on hearing these words, then shuddering, turned away his eyes, and fell back. Colonel Gower and Lieutenant Moreton also drew near; they looked inquiringly, but did not speak.

"Oh, my father!" murmured the young man, with clasped hands and inward voice, "this, is, indeed, a meeting of sorrow."

And so it was, indeed. Evan Bertie was no other than the McCloud, who, leaving his native country many years before, and changing his name, had sought to raise his fallen fortunes in the new world, and, at the time, also intended by a life of honest industry to make amends for former delinquencies. And for awhile he was successful, for he was favored by fortune,

and gained a character for integrity.

It was during this favorable period that Sir William Meredith constituted him his assignce. And now a desire of continual gain took possession of his soul, and avarice became his ruling possion. He heard that his son had died in Scotland. His was the griffefa moment; the love of pelf swallowed up every good feeling. It had become in the place of father, mother, wife, and child, to him. Originally he had no intention of endeavering to appropriate the property of the baronet. The idea gained upon his mind gradually. At first he only thought he would dotain it in his possession as long as he possibly could do so, and he finished by determining never to resign an acre of it while he had life.

He had now been replaced in his chair, and his son stood near him. The all man did not speak. The mental distress of the years of M Claud was great; his own sorrows had been been with fathurb; the aspersions cast on his fame he had the lard of the left he knew himself innocent—but this was a sorrow of quite different cast. His father—whom he could have wished to be and henor—whom he wished others to love and henor—had been and henor—whom he wished others to love and henor—had been associated with one of the lowest of mankind; he in a speciated with one of the lowest of mankind; he in a speciated with one of the lowest of mankind; he is a fact the most fraudulent leading. Mertification, an overwhelming sense of shame and sorrow, so he him, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed audibly.

At the justine Colonel Gower came forward. "Let the property," will have cross—the ferrial in oblivion. We all have errors—tind highest ethers, even as we would they should do unto us,' there is an exceeding great reward of an approving conscience."

"And it shall even yet be mine!" said the elder McCloud,

speaking for the first time, and with difficulty. "Colonel, I ask your forgiveness—the forgiveness of you all—yours, I ask, my son, for having dishonored our name."

The son strove to speak, but the effort was ineffectual.

"Colonel, there is the deed of assignment. All things shall be arranged to your satisfaction."

Colonel Gower took the hand of the old McCloud, and shook it in token of amity. Moreton also drew near, and professions of mutual good-will were exchanged.

"And the girl?" asked the old man, apprehensively.

"She is safe," replied the son; "she is my daughter, and

your grandchild !"

Meanwhile, Nelthorpe, badly, but not dangerously wounded, still lay upon the floor, sullen, and in pain. Moreton addressed him; but his replies were rude and brief. To the question as to the means by which he discovered the child left with him, to be the daughter of Ellen, he replied: "This alone would have told me-your haste or stupidity did not permit you to notice this string of hair which the child wore round her neck, fastened by a gold button." He plucked from his bosom as he spoke, and flung toward Lieutenant Moreton a neeklace of finely woven hair, with a gold clasp, engraven with the name of "Ellen Meredith." James McCloud examined the necklace, the hair was that of his late wife. "My old woman saved the bauble," said the ruffian, "and I had intended to have given it to you to-morrow morning, together with the deed, which I was endeavoring to persuade the old gentleman to resign to my charge, as you entered."

"You gave the child the name of Ellen," said Colonel Gower.

"It was her grandfather's wish," said Nelthorpe, with a sneer; "he had some kind of right to name the child."

"You did not then know that she was his grandehild."

"True—but I well knew that James McCloud, there, was his son; I knew the whole family of them years are in Scotland, when they held their heads a little higher than they have since done."

"Why did you not inform Mr. McCloud that he had a son near him, if he was in ignorance of his vicinity?" asked Colonel Gower.

"A profitable jeb that would have been for me, would it not? How long do you suppose I should have been this old gentleman's man of business after he had known that he had a sin so n ar him? I trow, he would soon have steed in my shoes. By the bye, the old man gave me have only this morning to pick him off," and he leared at McClord with molicious impudence as he spoke, "only I was too ten br-hearted to do it; I bughed ready to kill myself at the time, thinking how little the old gentleman knew who he was taking about; and if I was not so weak, by the loss of this good blood, I should laugh just as much now at the recollection of it."

What the ansations of the eller McCloud could have been at hearing this speech, it is difficult to say, but may be imagined. Shaine, we may suppose, and remorse, not unmixed with horror, at the consequences which must have arisen from the commission of a crime of so deep a dye. To think that he actually are shall to the death of one who was not only of his own blood, but held a lawful right to a portion of that very property which by a strange fatality he was striving to detain from him, thus positions, by iniquity, both the life and fortunes of these who will entire to were intimately blended with his own.

"Thus even-handed justice

("Line to paint in the prise ned chalice,
To our lips."

"You are a hardwood rudian?" said Lieutenant Moreton, and at this moments may process entered, who had been privately by antificity Colored Gower, and who, taking Nelthorpe into a by, a class I him to a labring more appropriate to his mile in the Seme private conversation then took place. I was M Class process at dominants sufficient to certify the into a certify with Ellen Meredith, and they present in the second seco

House, and breacht with him his daughter. Leaving her in a lower room, he are the late the chamber of his father. He entry looks to him, but received no reply—he went

to the bed, and drawing aside the curtain, looked within. There the old man lay—rigid—silent. The emotions of the past few hours had been too much for him—too much for his enfeebled frame and weight of years. In the silence of the night the spirit had departed—we hope in peace.

CHAPTER X.

FATHER AND SON.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!—TENNYSON.

Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree:
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair comes back to me.—IBID.

Ond Dr. Etheridge was in a high state of excitement. Back and forth through the hall of the mansion he paced with rapid steps; occasionally blowing a trumpet charge through his nose into a white silk handkerchief, which he flourished abroad. It was the fashion to take snuff in these days, and the good old physician showed the universal weakness. His son stood in the open door, leaning against the linter, looking pale and troubled, and casting uneasy glances upon his father.

"It is all your fault, sir! you heartless young scoundrel.

you!"

" No, father, I deny it. It is your fault."

"My fault! how dare you, sir! This comes of giving chillren too many privileges. Impertinence and ingratitude is all we get."

"I was not aware that I was given to either of those sins,

father."

"Didn't you just tell me, in the most decided manner, that

it was my fault? mine! when I thought more of that little creature than I did of my own blood. I loved her as a danghter, I tell you-and now she's gone, no one knows whither-driven away by neglect and abuse-most likely to throw herself into the ocean to escape from men's emelty. I would have given half my estate to see her established as she ought to be—to make her safe and happy. I loved her as a danghter;" he stamped his foot on the floor, as he repeated the asseveration.

"And I loved her more than that," exclaimed the son, in a tr mbling voice. "I would have made her my wife. She Should have been sheltered in my arms before this, if you had but prevented it-if you had not absolutely forbidden me to d chire myself-until it was too late! And now my happi-

ness is in ruins."

"Hugh," replied the older, while a tear rolled down his Cheek, "I did not do you justice. I will acknowledge it. I I ved that pure young flower of maidenhood too tenderly to be willing that you should ever gaze upon it, unless with eyes of reverence. I was arraid of your Paris morals; afraid that You would storn little Pearl, because she was poor and dependtat, and yet would find her too fuscinating to avoid her switty. If resaw that she would love you, because she was all ti nate and pined for higher associations than surrounded Ler. I was alarmed the lar peace of heart, if not for her safety. Say was so arties, so utterly guileless, the sweet child! The refere, I made up my mind to keep you apart—therefore, I was an ary when I i and out that you had become well ac-[Maintel-therei re, I firlid your seeking her, in the time of ar addiction, to effer her a dangerous sympathy. But when For came to me and tell me that your heart was longing to "hihrt her-that you loved her, and desired my consent to illher so, and to ask her in marriage, then you know how 1. .- I I was, and how experty I gave my consent. I would I die r leave leed that sweet girl for my daughter than the most trit ratio believed could find me in the circles of New York S .(: 'T'

"And I, father, supressed that you objected to her poverty, and the low associations of her adepted relatives, and would never consent to our union, which was the reason that I

hesitated so long after I felt that my own happiness depended on it. Gold could not buy such beauty, such innate refinement as hers; I felt that she would bring the richest dower which a wife can bring her husband—beauty, and a pure, conficing heart. But she was so young, and you seemed so opposed to her, that I waited, hoping and fearing, until her mother died, and I felt it to be my duty, even at the risk of your dissapproval, to take her from the house of that brutal being. I went to you, with my wishes, and when you surprised me by expressing your satisfaction with them, I felt as if clothed with wings. I fairly flew to the cage of my birdling. O, father, why did she go away? It almost kills me when I think how wretched she must have been before attempting any thing so desperate as flight, or—or—"

"Nay, Hugh, don't speak the ugly word. Ellen has not killed herself. She was too pious, too conscientious to do any thing so desperate as that. I am much more afraid that she has not even left home of her own free will—that that scoundrel has taken her to the city to apprentice her to some shop-

keeper, or otherwise get rid of her support."

At this speech, the young man started as if pierced through the heart with a fierce pang; his face grew still whiter than before.

"I had not thought of anything so terrible as that."

"I must go to the city at once," said he, "and search out 'Nelthorpe."

He went; but his eager, anxious search was unavailing. Two days he spent, almost without food or rest, and then returned, haggard and disappointed, to the cove, only to harn that no tidings of Ellen had reached the villagers, and that her father still continued away.

The excitement in the little community was very great at the sudden disappearance of "Pearl," their pride, their pet; and this anxiety was increased by the fact that Nelthorpe, also, remained away. That the absence of both for so long a time was unpremeditated, was proved by the cottage lawing been left in such a condition—the door not even latched, the breakfast on the table, and all the neat, scanty article of Ell-n's little wardrobe in their place, except the garments which she wore away with her. Curiosity, of course, and the love of

gossip, mingled largely with the feelings of the humble community; yet the most prevalent and apparent sentiment was, fear that some evil had befallen the beautiful girl—for her father's hard ned and desperate character was too well known for them to have any faith in his deeds, even toward this adopted daughter.

A nervous, fidgety old gentleman, and a pale, wretchedlooking young man, who would have given their left hands to know what we know about the real fate of Pearl, haunted the cottage, the beach, the rocks, the fields, as if they still expected to stumble upon the object of their search—to find her dead in the fields, covered up, by the pitiful robins, with leaves—or to see, far out amily the fishing-grounds, or closer on the sands—

Of drawnel maiden's hair."

No such sight greated their vague glances; days slipped away into weeks, and other more recent occurrences begun to take the place of the "great sensation" in the minds of the community, although regret and anxiety were still keenly take.

Finally Dr. Hugh, weighing less by fifteen pounds, and with a restles, troot led look in those eyes, which had always here so bright, dark and cool, went back to the city, where manerous patients, despairing of the return of the good-looking labelian, had already turned their patronage to older, and, lethers wiser to ilsors.

But Hugh was not long in getting back all these, and many rate; for he begin to attend to his work with a will. From his gay and find of society, he begun to devote himself so entirely to his studies and his practise, that his chums left had to himself, finally, and, before the spring arrived, Dr. Had had plany of business, and some reputation. Every hold a black of French affectation got shaken off of him; his had a before the into play; all the old coctors and rivered professors took him by the hand, and till him that they saw he had it in him to "become a riving man," and all that, which would have flattered our young here very much, had there not been a greater indifference to such profes than was natural. A sorrow, too peculiar

for any of the ordinary consolations of grief, weighed upon his heart by day and night. We all know that of many agonics, those of doubt and suspense are among the keenest. These he felt constantly. He often thought that he should be comparatively happy could he have the assurance that the innocent girl, from whom he had seemed to stand so coldly aloof in the time of her bereavement, was, indeed, dead—gone safely from the dangers of a world only too perilous to a young and friendless woman.

Her confiding eyes looked him in the face through all his dreams. Ah! he had grown to love her more than thme or a goodly position—she had won him, in spite of humble associations and poverty, until he had been willing to cast fate and fortune at her feet. Yet he did not guess her power in its fullness, until she was lost to him. Now he never ceased to blame himself for his over-caution—his reserve—for the almost cruel pleasure he had taken in reading every emotion of that pure soul, while he hid his own from her eyes.

Rightly punished he was! but rather a severe punishment he felt it, when he knew that his motives had been good from the beginning—that Ellen was a child, too young to have taken for his wife, and that he had only awaited the development of her character before committing his happiness into her keeping.

Severely as Hugh devoted himself to his duties, and small inclination as he felt for the ordinary amusements of society, he was not allowed entirely to "hide his light under a bush l." The women admired him, all the more that he was thoughtful, a shade melancholy, and decidedly indifferent to their admiration.

If little Ellen, who had purposely kept this blank of concealment between them, could have seen how the brillint belles and stately dames of New York exerted themselves to soothe the graceful sadness of the young doctor, she might have repented herself of her plans, and not have had the courage to carry them into execution.

Winter, spring, summer rolled away. One bright September day, Dr. Hugh sat in his office, looking listlessly out into the street—which was a fashionable one, too low down to be mentioned now—when a carriage dashed by at terrine speed.

It was an op a barouche, whose only occupant, at the time, was a lady. Dr. Hugh saw the vehicle flash by—comprehented that the larses were running away—sprang out the door up at the pavement, and, at that moment, a slight inequality in the street caused the carriage to be upset, and the lady was thrown to the earth, almost at his feet.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESTORATION.

The world is full of meetings such as this—A thrill, a winess challenge and reply, And sudden partings after.—Willis.

Thinkest thou That I could live and let the go,-Moonn.

They were very large bonne's in the endays, and the always of the allocation beauties I after creation, worn by the lady at the time of the a cilent, had been the very keight of the fall in ; has now it was bent over her face in a style not contain it. If y the million, and a as to most off chadly cone alie, as Dr. Had he sprend forward and like I her in his arms.

Helsheidling on the stone payement she must, inevitable, have be attached the remaining there was a little open court, carpool with a last arraws, in front of the row of houses of which the Door is only made one, and upon this clastic could the lady was thrown, with a violence which deprived hardly to the ball cassions of a some moments, but which a little ball of the last one is presented by injured her.

Of this Dr. Hel. allege will a tobe immediately certain; it because the site is experient in that he bere her into the office. Allege in the late of the sale of t

What i line I was a curious proceeding for a respectable—

guilty of. It would have been all-sufficient to have ruined his reputation, if his interesting patient across the street, Miss Creosas, and thirtystwo, had happened to be looking, as she usually was, across and into the office window.

She had gone out that afternoon, however, just for the purpose of displaying a new pink scarf, and a pair of very pink checks, which were not new, to her vis-a-vis neighbor, as she lingered in the door, and on the step, to send back her mail for the parasol she had purposely forgotten, and was now

taking her customary promenade on the Battery.

But this is not taking what the doctor disk. Well, then, he stared a moment into the pade, unconvelous countenance of the woman, whom he still held in his arms; he saw that she was very young and very beautiful; his color rose—he uttered a low, glad, impassioned ejaculation; his eyes ran over her dress, her mantle, back to her face, in mingled doubt, joy and astonishment, and then—without even the precaution to east a glance around him, and through the open door, to see if he were observed—he pre-sed his new patient rapturously to his hosen, and printed his after hiss on her lips, ardent enough to shock her soul back into its lovely temple, provided it had not flown entirely.

The young girl felt their warn, the through all the cloud and dizziness of her trance—the lashes trembled on her checks—her dark-blue eyes unclosed and gazed upward into the earnest pair which burned over her; a glow, like that of mornias, dawned over her pale face, something, too intense is a surprise, brightened in her gaze—and thus the two resurded each other in silence, the maiden making not the slightest attempt to the

herself from her novel position.

Both were wrapped in a dreem—at leat Dr. Huch oppeared to be, and the girl certainly was—she had not yet summoned memory to tell her where she was or what had befall a her. Often, in her slop, she had he a visit bly a visit like to this, and had been very had ye-

Again the doctor ki-d his patient.

At that moment a shalow fell over the threshell—a con-

tleman sprung in at the door.

"My child—is she killed? Ah, thank Gol! I the the the must be dashed in pieces. Tell me, doctor is the much

hurt?" and the stranger snatched his treasure out of Hugh's arms.

"R My." was the steamered reply, "I have hardly had time to the ruin. She was—was unconscious, and I hard it same delin bringing her to her senses. Whether sill ja-"

"Hill h. my during, are you hart? are you in pain anywhire I have you injured a riously F Do speak, my darling."

"Father, I do not believe I am hurt. I do not feel a partich of pain, anywh re. But where am I? Who is this?"

"I don't know at it is. Never mind that, my child. He is a physician, Proposite. The horses, wild as they were, halth a least tow you at the door of a doctor," and the structure to me to like jesting, in his joy at the sinit of his director's salay. "Ellen, try to walk a little; litus so tit yetr dly are unhamo to

Similar in the river walked across the floor; she trind! !- printly with the shock of her fall-but the pallor Lil air dir littler face, which glowed, in bed, with a beatttill il.-h; her full r sout l her on the soin, and asked if the

doctor had any wine.

In a rine, thin and similar, Hugh poured a thimbleful of smaller, which had been bottled a fabulous time, to grow Thin in the colderkness of some Spanish cellar. He, too, in a large in a war ly start! I by the accident, for his hand triniled in retilenthe young girl's as she took the draught he handed her.

In the mean time, the office began to fill with persons who hal with sold the cata trophe from distances more or less reh. in to c. ras i take, and to as erain the exthis file chamber. The removal of her crushed bonnet L. l l l l riet ter nt of heir, flowing down the this is a law with the your laby; her embarra ment the little of the parties and attention, only rendered her the many to her it is a second the seds, and chang to her 1. . rearm, i dir. thim to take he away, as she was per-I dy air to a a land of a hairation filled the apartment; the curious and the with so her narrow escape arese to ". I. a. l. i.i.t they were almost moved to throw up their hats and cheer.

"But how will we go, Ellen?" asked her companion, soothingly. "Don't be disquieted, my little girl, Sit here until I look after the carriage. Doubtless it is a wreck, long before this; but I must secure the horses. I will send some one to procure another conveyance, and you shall soon be safe under madame's wing again. It was inexcusable in me to leave you sitting alone in the barouche."

The horses would have behaved well enough, had they not been frightened by a fish-vender, blowing his horn suddenly, close to their heads," said the young lady; "don't blame yourself, father."

As she uttered the word "f. h-ven ler,"—certainly not a very savory word for such delicate lips—her glance met that of the young doctor, and clearly before him, like a vi ion, rose a picture of wet sea sunds—of the blue ocean, rolling away, through boundless stretches, to the blue sky; of bold rocks, jutting out into the foamy, rising tide; of ereen hills, lying along the belt of beach, and deep, dark woods, standing gloomily in the background—and of a young and happy couple, haunting these scenes through many a golden summer hour. This he saw, looking into the blue eyes before him, as if their little world were the ocean, azure, deep and infinite.

The next moment he half lost the vision, as her lashes dropped beneath his gaze; her father returned her to the sofa, going to the door to look after his runaway team, followed by most of the spectators, willing to do him a passing service in assisting him to recover it. He found carriers and horses, all uninjured, just brought up by a stout colored man, who had headed off and captured the flightless in their mad flight around the next corner. Panting and quivering, the splendid steeds stood uneasily, still restive with their recent terror.

"I must master them now, or never," said their owner. "Ellen, remain here where you are, until I drive them around the square, and, if I think it safe, I will take you up as I come back."

And he sprung into his sent, took up the fallen reins, and spoke persuasively to the horses, who started off, the instant the negro let go of their heads, like chained lightning.

Everybody looked after the team, even the young lady, who

felt clarmed for her father. Once, twice, thrice, the carriage is w around the square, before its occupant ventured to draw rein in front of the office. By that time the horses were completely saided to his central. All a baired the masterly mather in which he rain red them. The negro stood, showing his is it stirms he dusky smiles. The spectators were as not hexciss has if they had a personal interest in the matter. The young hely did not remember to take possession of her had red beam, and the pattern to get it into shape, tied it on over her headful hair, and stepped out, followed by the physician. Although others come forward, eager for an excuse to aid her, he grass of her hand, and lifted her into the carriage:

"Stay, do not go; not yet! Tell me your name!" cried

Hugh, as she to k her seat be i le her companion.

The name! Ah, yes; I had forgotten—you want your for remarked the gentleman, with a slight accent of sarcasm, as if the corrues of the young physician had displeased him. "Cosir, jut half their heads a moment, will you, till I get

out my purse."

Drawing forth his wallet, he took out a guinca, and thrust it up not. I at rethrowing a half-ruinea towards Casar, at the same time. As the gold piece fell ringing at the horses' feet, the piece is an energy and his purse in the years half how we their owner dropped his purse in the years half how carried and occupants were which how of soft before Hugh could think of following them.

"Ill Ly da z minan, dat, and berry pretty lady," said Cæsar,

Thuckling of ries ming, in an exuberance of pleasure.

"Take that, two, and call it a great day's work," said Hugh, thingh out him the guine which had been forced upon him in so it maining a manner, his face red with mortification and

"IiI, some to born mossi's flagers—den't burn mine at all the little crowd dispersed, leaving Dr. Etherilge to his reflections.

He walk I back into his office, and flung himself down in

that carn rafithe sain which she had occupied.

"It was Ellen," he murmured, "she has forgotten to care for me."

In the hour which followed, he suffered a few of the panes which little Pearl, in her loneliness and poverty, had many times suffered through him. A thousand conjectures crowded upon him. Perhaps his deepest consciousness was joy—joy that she was alive—that no dreadful fate had befallen her—but the keener his joy the sharper grew the doubt and apprehension lest she had learned to despise him for his apparent coldness—lest, perhaps, even now she had learned to love another. She might be betrothed, on the verge of marriage, with some too-happy lover. So beautiful, so charming in every way, how could it be otherwise? She must have admirers by the score.

Hugh guessed at the truth of the change in Ellen's fortunes. He had known her infant history; she had told him, herself, that she had a firm faith she should sometime discover her relatives; and seeing her, now, surrounded by such circumstances, nothing was easier than to perceive that she must have fulfilled her presentiment:

"It was certainly Ellen-my little Ellen," he kept repeating, as if to assure himself of the truth of what he said.

This elegant young creature, dressed in the most exquisite taste, and with that air which is only to be acquired by contact with well-bred people, was different from Ellen of the sea-shore, and yet the same. Lovelier she could not be, nor more truly relined. The Pearl had always been a pearl, of "purest ray serene"—it was only displayed now in a gold setting.

Oh, how mad with jealousy Dr. Hugh was during the remaining hours of that September afternoon! Jealous of Ellen's fortune, of her friends, of her supposed lovers—jealous of the circumstances which had taken her from him, and given her a chance to find out, by comparison, whether he was, as she had once foolishly thought him:

"The foremost man of all this world."

Miss Creosas returned from her promenade on the Battery, casting a tender glance in at the office door, as she turned to cross the street, but he was not conscious of it. Stalking rapidly about the room, he thought no more of his vis-a-vis admirer

then he did of the little King Charles, which she led along by a pink riblion. If Miss Creo as could have known the change which had come over the spirit of his dream, during her brief also her, she would now have put on any more artificial blash soft him, but would have walked deliterately into her its throat stry brick mass n, and torn her new scarf into

shreds, in a paroxysm of despair.

As II ich war leredalen his care Illie a Lycna, he detecte l s and thing half hill in under the self cushion, which he seized apen and the keat harmily. It was a small cambric handk religion as a spiller web blacked in moonshine and dew; in one omer was writen a neme-Ellen McCloud. He kissel the name and the landkerelled-they were both her'swhile the sun of home be not to rie with the thought that here was a ... thing tangil be by which to trace ler. Now that he ha.wh.rn.n., h.w.s.n.) langr in despair. Yet his pros-I is were not brillent with regard to her. If Ellen had been in the city meets or envel the time during the past year, why dil sir na c'um lin de a fri na, gire bira her address, and invite him to call up a lar? Why had she never re-vi-ited the same in a children l, or troubled herself to inform his it it rawho had being it has good fortune which had hall a her? Rething was a plainer than that she wished to sar carry all which he was her to the past. Given up to the in land no of the triumphant career before her, she did not Wish to be a mulby old associations.

"His all my flather's fault," said the young man, for the threen blutten as he reviewed the past, and realized how a little more given by on their part would have seared the

call be related and retring opion.

"It's cly a mick by to find her that," he continued, "a mick by! I would for rather that she was poorer than ever she was in the social days, when she used to fly to meet me, her social mick in the rather in the gingham bonnet. Then she would be in a fine to ask the privilege of protecting herein that I had not be ask the privilege of protecting herein that I had sock her now, she will despise me; she will be certain that I, who was not generous enough to appreciate her under adverse circumstances, am only too eager to throw

myself at her feet, now that she is my equal in worldly matters."

Curiosity to know the particulars of her change of name and fortune, to learn why Nelthorpe had disappeared entirely from his village, and all that had happened to her whom he had mourned as lost, conspired with his other emotions, to make Hugh restless. The air within doors stifled him.

"I'll go and tell my discovery to father," he resolved at last, as Le locked the door of his office.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

My heart is like the ocean shell—
Though from the home it loves exiled
Still echoes through its winding cell,
The waves salumie; salumie; salumie.—Mrs. Osc. op.

One Dr. Etherishe sat on the piezza, enjoying the afternoon sunshing which warmed his fet. The place locked
pleasant, with the autumn brightness around it, but the old
gentleman fit lonely, as well he might. He sighed often, as
he sat there, musing. There was no music of girls' voices or
children's laughter in the hells; his good sister was becoming
the victim of rheumatism, and was a little "cross" on her had
days—the doctor's thoughts ran far back to the early-made
grave of the wife of his youth, and those of the two little girls
who slept beside her.

"I wish Hugh would get married," he muttered half aloud. "If he don't, and that right soon, I'll adopt somebody. Carious! what he came over here to tell me, the other day. I'm half inclined to believe it was only an extraordinary resonablance. If she had been our Ellen, she would have removed the acquaintance, of course, though the little puss always did have a full stock of quiet pride under her sweetness. That was the true blood showing itself. Pshaw! she's carrying the matter too far to overlook us entirely."

During the latter part of his soliloguy he became interested in wataling the alvance of two persons, a lady and gentleman, who called by the little street of the village out into the sale of a male of the pleasant road in the directly of his heart. He was certain they were strangers, and so till welth ir methods with the interest which people in (" miry plans that time to take in new comers.

Alter the path and up to the gate of the mansion they Ch. the rest is an open I the put, the laly stepped through and be an a hesitating walk up the lawn, which broke, in a mora nt, into a mere rapid a lyance-she actually ran up to the plante, and threw her arms about the neck of the good

doctor, who in a rien to receive his guests.

"Oh, dar I slassil, in a mingled sub and laurh, "I'm so givitus ventarin! But I suppose you don't care at all

fr - ing nu- to you, Dr. Etheritre F

"Is it. Illi n?" by ask, 1, pu hing back her bonnet, and gazing at her it illy, " is it my little Pearl? Oh, why did you run away. with it having unit? you marly broke our hearts."

"Illebit med in a model think you would care. I don't this II in any him to Dr. Habeller. I hardy meant to come to an wet, how that I have been to book at the all home, and tet hij--hi d'a-crivi-crivir a list - 'end I wanted to - yet o min. I emil no ho my for from coming. The your this way of the male less, and when I actually enought side of the dar city much stain, I for to wonder while man to you, as I used torm when a children and short him so prettily and all air in the tradition the silver ters from her bright Chair, and ling ling with smile.

"Ollis y all n. I could not love you better if you

Were his war der der - I on a heped you would be!"

To a from the relies had part of the sentence, the property of the property of the westing to be introduced:

" Dr. Ili, iii, this is my filer, Mr. McCloud."

The transfer in a shock hands.

"Let us an into the Birary, and hear all about it-of course you must him w, sir, the amaisty I feel to hear the history of my pet, here. I congratulate you on finding such a daughter—though your gain is my loss."

The trio went into the house. The doctor ordered in a

bottle of his choicest Madeira, and a basket of cake.

An hour fled rapidly by in delightful conversation, excer questions, and replies, during which, all the facts which are already understood by the reader, were detailed to the doctor.

He was very much affected, when he heard the true circumstances of Pearl's being driven from her home; though the brutality which led her into such desperate straits, became one of the instruments for bringing about a meeting between her and her true father.

"Still, I shall never quite forgive you, for not coming to me, little girl, in your trouble."

Ellen gave him a glance, which revealed her thoughts on

that subject.

"When you're a little older, puss, you'll understand all that puzzles you now. However, I made a great mistake, and was an old goose! My boy has half killed me with reproaches. I guess you'd know whether you had any friends, if you could believe the commotion your sudden disappearance caused in the village! Nobody slept for a fortnight. As for me, I was too miserable to rest, and I know somebody who has never been the same, since."

The young lady bent suddenly over the old cabinet of curiosities, to hide the blush which flamed out on her checks.

"This is the room you have heard me talk so much of, dear father," she said, presently, "here is where I learned nearly all the little I knew, when I came to you. We owe a countless debt to my dear, patient teacher," and again the impulsive girl kissed the old physician.

"I shall make you pay it, too," he said, slyly.

Mr. McCloud, gracefully, and with the power of real emotion, expressed his gratitude to his host for the many kindnesses, and the pleasant friendship which he had extended to his child, when she stood so much in need of them. The two gentlemen were friends already, talking with great animaticn, while Ellen watched them with delight.

Dr. Etheridge now learned that Nelthorps was dead. The wound which he had received in the house of the lawyer, had

not healed properly in the bad air of a prison, and he had died in time to save himself the disgrace of a trial, and a long time in the politentiary. He died, as he had lived, a bad man, and unregrett i was his departure from earth.

Then followed a full account of the trip to the old country, and the menths which were spent in establishing Ellen's claim to the large property left her by her grandfather, Sir William Meredith.

The maths had been ear rly improved by the young girl, to fit hers if with every accomplishment becoming to her I resent position, so for as the limited time would allow, and she was still spending her mornings in study, and was indistributed to go into society. It had been a question with father and daughter, whether they should settle down on the good off English educe, or return to the New World which both had been the box all the more dearly, perhaps, that it had been the witness of many trials. Mr. McCloud desired to return to America and typen consulting Ellen, it was apparent that she they was homes in New York a few weeks, undeath to build one on some bountiful spot on the shores of the sea.

"We can not be me that with a serious accident,"

r market Dr. Etheritz, with a keen look at Ellen.

"How dill you come to hear of it?" asked Mr. McCloud.

"The physician who carried your daughter into his office, in: rund no office in the land bequite an impression on his mind."

"I was paintally impressed with his engerness to be re-

war i i i'm his very slight's rvines," said the other.

"Mo lord the res very anxious to obtain all the reward he could," said the dector, looking at Ellen, and bursting out into a peal of laughter.

Perhaps I don't quite understand it," continued the father, looking with a perplexed expression from the laughing friend

to the emi .rr. . I dim plater.

"Is it possible that little girl has so utterly—so entirely—forgotten and its red may son, Hugh, as never to have mentional him to you? Ella, I did not think your memory was so short! It's not strange he wanted to know your name, eir, when he's worn craye on his hat for Miss Ella, ever since

her disappearance. He flung your guinea to the colored boy, and dashed over here to tell us all about it. You hurt his feelings terribly, sir, but little Ella, hurt them still more. I expect to take him to a lunatic asylum in less than a menth, if matters don't clear up a little. But, truly, Mr. McCloud, has Ella never talked about my boy?"

"Never, I do remember, now you tell me this, she spoke once or twice of your son, a little fellow in jackets, I thought him. Why didn't you explain, the other day, my dear?"

But my dear was through the window, and out on the

piazza.

"Father," she called, "I'm going down on the beach a little while. I can not return to the city until I've taken a look at all the old places. The doctor will be good to you, until I come back," and she fled away from the raillery which she dreaded.

"It's the best symptom yet," murmured the old physician to himself, with a wise smile; "silence is a highly favorable symptom in such cases. I'll tell Hugh to take heart."

The new friends sipped their wine and chatted cozily, while the afternoon sun slipped down the western sky, throw-

ing long pillars of gold across the library-floor.

In the mean time, Ellen, alone, as she wished to be, for her heart was too full to hear the glance of any eye, however affectionate, wandered, once more, along that pleasant path of silver sand, swept by the azure occun. She had come to vicit poor Moll's grave—Moll, so true, so devoted, so humble in her love for the child whom she had worshipped as something too good and beautiful to be really her own; and on that lonely grave she had dropped some tears of sorrow. She had walked by the old cottage, and seen it occupied by strange people; she had shaken hands with some of the old neighbors who had rushed out into the street to stare at her as she pared; she had mot Dr. Etheridae, and had learned, by his looks and words, that Hugh still remembered her with interest.

Now she trod the familiar path which they had paced so frequently in companionship—on, on, until she came to the rocky bower, where she had first met him, and where they had since passed so many hours together. She climbed to

the ell seat; she sat and gazed at the infinite blue waters, the distant, moving ships, the light clouds, the sinking sun. She recall I the day on which she had sunk to sleep, to wake amid the dangers of the insidious tide, and to greet a pair of

bright eyes, to see an entstretched hand.

"He will not despise me, now," she thought, "he will seek me out, will flater me, will be proud of me; but I will keep him at a distance. He shall love as long and as hopelessly as I have, before I give him the slightest encouragement. I will be as friril as an icicle," and, in the sternness of her resolve to be colder than ice itself, she fell to musing, and that me ment, when she area of from uncenciousness, in his arms, his eyes beaming into hers—oh, happy moment, which, at the time, she denned a delicious dream! She grew very icy, in his time, she denned a delicious dream! She grew very icy, in his time, she denned a delicious dream! She grew very icy, in his time, she denned a delicious dream! She grew very icy, in his time, she denned a delicious dream! She grew very icy, in his time, she denned a delicious dream! She grew very icy, in his time, the life to the life of the trangell same time, she were able to sustain herself on pride for another year or two?!

"Ellen!"

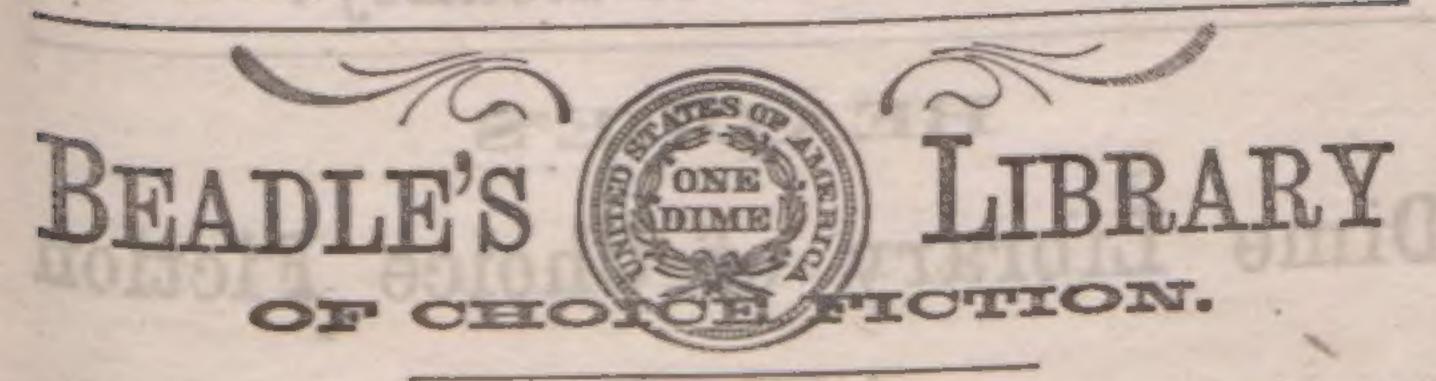
She count to her feet, she blushed, she thrilled and trembled. He had not his arms. She had predetermined to domands i herpilmy in of the past—sucing at her feet so long—to yield, at her, by such stately degrees. Well, there has a like ling can his arms, and all the answer her heart domand have no in his exertion. There they stood, alone with each other, the count at their fiet, heaven above. It would have be not sold from pride which could have held out against his is trimple, under so, hindus nees as held sway three and then. Her name, trend ling on his lips, his eyes a ling hers with a lock she could not overbear; it was her help plane which fell beneath their light; she too, reached out her hands.

The state of the state of snuff? I havn't felt as young on the wind is child, this point. I wen't what little bird told Hugh to the property. He's a fine boy, friend McCloud, this point of the high heart is all right. The property in the high the heart is all right. The property in the high the heart is all right. The property is a spin high high high high heart is all right. The property is a spin high high high high heart is all right. The property have a pinch of snuff? I havn't felt as young

in ten or twenty years, as I do this day. What say, George? tea—cakes getting cold? Well, there they come, arm-in-arm, it takes them an age to shut the gate. Carries me back to the days when it always took me a long while to shut the gate, under similar circumstances. We'll have time to drink their health, friend, before they get to the door; here's to our son and our daughter. God bless them."

THE END.

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